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CONTENTS.

I. THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES,	<i>London Quarterly Review</i> ,	259
II. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Macdonald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Part VIII.,	<i>Advance Sheets</i> ,	274
III. FIELDS AND FIELD SPORTS IN MADRAS,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	283
IV. THE SHADOW OF THE DOOR,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	293
V. THE WORDSWORTHS AT BRINSOP COURT,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	302
VI. PRINCE BISMARCK'S LITERARY FACULTY. By Francis Hueffer,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ,	305
VII. SELF-HELP IN SCIENCE,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	311
VIII. DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES AT MYCENÆ,	<i>Nature</i> ,	316
IX. EARLDOMS,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> ,	318
X. CAPRICES OF THE NILE,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	319

POETRY.

MY SECRET,	258	A SNOWY DAY,	258
LIFE-MOSAIC,	258		

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MY SECRET.

I HAVE with my heart a secret,
 It lies fast buried there ;
 No human heart may know it,
 Nor its treasures deep and rare.
 'Tis forever smiling upon me,
 Bearing my spirit away,
 To bathe in the golden sunlight
 Of its ever sunny day.

The green trees knew my secret
 As I wandered beneath their shade,
 And my heart woke up to the music
 Their quiv'ring branches made.
 I whispered it softly and gently,
 That the waking birds may hear,
 And they bore it over the valley
 In a strain so sweet and clear.

To the stars in their pathless glory
 I breathed it in trembling delight ;
 And they slowly unfolded their story
 Before my enraptured sight.
 The sunset o'er valley and mountain,
 The dawning by fountain and stream,
 Have gilded my heart's fair treasure
 With many a radiant gleam.

When night with her cool, dark shadows,
 Falls over a weary land,
 I unfasten my heart's closed door
 With an eager trembling hand,
 And I bring out my precious secret,
 And we commune, she and I ;
 And on golden wings of fancy
 Through boundless regions fly.

Oh ! earth's many voices, awaken,
 I am thirsting to learn your song ;
 I am longing to mingle my secret
 With your ever-musical throng.
 Fain would I tune my fingers
 To the chords of the mighty refrain,
 And catch the sweet echoes falling
 From a never-dying strain.

It needeth not always the sunshine,
 Tears make it radiantly fair,
 And some of its loveliest jewels
 Have been planted by sorrow and care.
 But often comes over me thrilling
 A strange, sharp agony,
 As of something for which I am yearning,
 And unsatisfied ever must be.

Oh, rest thee, my heart's dear treasure !
 Some day thou shalt fully know
 All the joy and the bliss on thee dawning
 But dimly and faintly below.
 So I bear thee through clouds and through
 sunshine,
 'Mid the world's confusion and strife,
 For in thee is silently growing
 An ever fresh green life.

And when, with the years ever fleeting,
 My weary hands I fold,
 And slumber no more to waken,
 With heart and memory cold,
 My secret shall rise with my spirit,
 From earth-stains purified,
 To pour forth its treasure for ages
 At the feet of Him who died.

M. C. W.

LIFE-MOSAIC.

MASTER, to do great work for thee, my hand
 Is far too weak ! Thou givest what may
 suit
 Some little chips to cut with care minute,
 Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
 Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
 And make a life-work of the great design
 Which thou hast traced ; or, many-skilled,
 combine
 To build vast temples, gloriously planned,
 Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought
 Just one by one, as they were given by thee,
 Not knowing what came next in thy wise
 thought.
 Set each stone by thy master-hand of grace,
 Form the mosaic as thou wilt for me,
 And in thy temple-pavement give it place.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Good Words.

A SNOWY DAY.

THERMOMETER at twenty — flood and field
 Are treble-locked, and petrified by frost ;
 Fair Nature's lovely face is half concealed,
 And all her rich variety is lost
 Beneath a spotless veil of virgin white.
 The clouds are densely black — the wind nor-
 east,
 And yonder schoolboy's shouts are heard a
 mile.
 The idle plough stands on the upland height,
 Frost-bound immovably, and man and beast
 Suspend the industry of daily toil.
 Come forth and breathe the crisp and bracing
 air,
 Till mind and body thrill with genial glow.
 Come forth and see ; and seeing, tell how fair
 The beautiful monotony of snow.

G.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CHURCHES OF
THE UNITED STATES.

THREE months ago, in writing on "America in the Centennial Year," we had occasion to emphasize the general truth, that the social, political, and ecclesiastical conditions of life in the United States are and have been, as to many fundamental points, not only not analogous, but in direct contrast to those which obtain in this country. The same truth will have to be borne in mind in dealing with the subject which is to occupy attention in the present article. To take one leading instance, which involves much that is collaterally and consequentially bound up with it—the matter of ecclesiastical disestablishment. Certain Churches in America were "by law established" during, and long after, the colonial period of American history; they were disestablished by degrees, the process not having been completed, in some instances, till fifty years ago. But as to provide with landed or tithe endowments constituted no part of the process of establishing these Churches, so disendowment—except so far as local assessment and taxation had served as endowment—formed no part of the process or idea of disestablishment. The Churches were all, more or less, endowed with landed property; some of them had endowments of great value, but not one of them suffered in respect of such property any sort or degree of disendowment. Again, let it be observed that the enactments which virtually "established" the different American Churches within their several states were such as either never were enacted at all in England, or were only enacted centuries after the Church had already taken possession of the whole land, occupying everywhere a position of sole and undisputed authority, such enactments in the case of the English Church being, indeed, not steps of advance, but rather precautions against decline, or penalties against desertion or neglect. In the colonies the laws to which we have referred were the means whereby the Church built up its supremacy, the outworks by which it held aloof its adversaries; in England similar enactments were props

against decay, or buttresses against the advancing tide of innovation or Dissent. The work in America was one of constitution, of "establishment;" in England the process marked the beginning of that revolt against the previously unchallenged supremacy of the one and sole Church, which has been proceeding ever since, and which, proving too strong, by infinite odds, for the legislative restraints by which attempts were thus made to suppress it, has led to a series of enfranchising or disenfranchising enactments by which the process of disestablishment, according to the American idea, has already, even in this country, come to be considerably advanced, although the work of disendowment has not yet begun.

The distinction which we have thus indicated lies at the root of all true thinking as to the comparative ecclesiastical conditions of America and England; it affects the whole development of the subject. We shall, therefore, illustrate what we have stated in the foregoing paragraph, first, by a quotation from the highest authority, living or dead, on questions affecting the inner truth and the philosophy of English history, and then, by a reference to the case of New England, as regards the matter of Church-establishment.

We have first of all [says Mr. Freeman] to get rid of the notion that there was some time or other when the Church was "established" by a deliberate and formal act. There have been times and places when and where a Church really has been established by an act of this kind. The re-establishment of Christianity in France is a case in point. There the civil power did deliberately establish a form of worship; and the establishment took the form of an agreement, a *concordat*, between the supreme power of the French nation and the head of that religious body of which a branch was to be re-established in France. Here there was something which may not unfairly be called a bargain between Church and State. But nothing of this kind ever took place in England. There was no moment when the nation or its rulers made up their minds that it would be a good thing to set up an Established Church any more than there was a moment when they had made up their minds that it would be a good thing to set up a government by king, lords, and commons.

There are only two dates in our history when anything of the kind can be conceived to have happened. It must have happened either at the first preaching of Christianity or else at the Reformation. . . . The popular notion is that the Church was "established" at the Reformation. People seem to think that Henry the Eighth, or Edward the Sixth, or Elizabeth, having perhaps "disestablished" an older Church, went on next of set purpose to "establish" a new one. They chose, it seems to be commonly thought, that form of religion which they thought best; they established it, endowed it, clothed it with certain privileges, and, by way of balance, subjected it to a strict control on the part of the State.

But, as a matter of history and a matter of law, nothing of the kind ever happened. As a matter of law and of history, however it may be as a matter of theology, the Church of England after the Reformation is the same body as the Church of England before the Reformation. . . . No English ruler, no English Parliament, thought of setting up a new Church, but simply of reforming the existing English Church. Nothing was further from the mind of either Henry the Eighth or of Elizabeth than the thought that either of them was doing anything new. Neither of them ever thought for a moment of establishing a new Church, or of establishing anything at all. In their own eyes they were not establishing but reforming; they were neither pulling down nor setting up, but simply putting to rights. They were getting rid of innovations and corruptions; they were casting off an usurped foreign jurisdiction, and restoring to the crown its ancient authority over the State ecclesiastical. . . . There was no one act called the "Reformation;" the Reformation was the gradual result of a long series of acts. There was no one moment, no one act of Parliament, when and by which a Church was "established;" still less was there any act by which one Church was "disestablished" and another Church "established" in its place. . . . In all that they did Henry and Elizabeth had no more thought of establishing a new Church than they had of founding a new nation; for in their eyes the Church and the nation were the same thing.*

Such being the facts as regards the "establishment" of the Church of England, the truth as to the question of endowment is in strict correspondence with these facts.

* Disestablishment and Disendowment. By E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., pp. 32-40.

If we wish [says the same authority] to argue this question on its true ground [let us say, — if we wish to understand this question and all questions related to it directly or collaterally], we must put out of sight the popular notion that at some time or other the State determined to make a general national endowment of religion. And we must also put out of sight the other popular notion that, at some time or other, the State took certain funds from one religious body and gave them to another. Neither of these things ever happened. If there ever was a time when the State determined on a general national establishment of religion, it must have been at the time of the conversion of the English nation to Christianity. But the conversion of England took place gradually, when there was no such thing as an English nation capable of a national act. The land was still cut up into small kingdoms, and Kent had been Christian for some generations, at a time when Sussex still remained heathen. If any act which could be called a systematic establishment and endowment of the Church ever took place anywhere, it certainly took place in each particular kingdom for itself, not in England as a whole. The churches of Canterbury and Rochester undoubtedly held lands while men in Sussex still worshipped Woden. But it would be an abuse of language to apply such words as systematic establishment and endowment to the irregular process by which the ecclesiastical corporations received their possessions. The process began in the earliest times, and it has gone on ever since. And nothing was done systematically at any time. This king or that earl founded or enriched this or that church in which he felt a special interest; and from this it naturally followed that one church was much more richly endowed than another. The nearest approach to a regular general endowment is the tithe, and this is not a very near approach. The tithe can hardly be said to have been granted by the State. The state of the case rather is that the Church preached the payment of tithe as a duty, and that the State gradually came to enforce the duty by legal sanctions.* . . . It should also be remembered that, though the duty of paying tithe was taught very early, yet for a long time the tithe-payer had a good deal of choice as to the particular ecclesiastical body to which he would pay his

* This legal enforcement did not begin till tithe had become property by what must be regarded as a sort of common law — till all the land had long been bought, sold, or inherited, subject to the charge and payment of tithe.

tithe. Nothing was more common than an arbitrary grant of tithe to this or that religious house. In short, the ecclesiastical endowments of England have grown up, like everything else in England, bit by bit. A number of ecclesiastical corporations have been endowed at all manner of times and in all manner of ways; but there was no one particular moment when the State of England determined to endow one general religious body called the Church of England.*

The original endowments of the Church of England, indeed, whether in land or in tithe, were as really voluntary gifts and offerings as those donations of land and those yearly offerings in kind which are made by recently converted tribes at the present day in Polynesia, in Africa, or elsewhere, to their missionary preachers or pastors, or to the churches which have ordained and sent forth these preachers and pastors. In a recent report of the London School Board on educational endowments there occurs a passage which we are tempted to quote in this connection. "Your committee," says the report, "recognizes that there is a limited analogy between the operation of endowment and the operation of voluntary agency. Endowment is a voluntary agency of the past,—or [of the] present extending to the future." The endowments of the Church of England unquestionably represent, with few exceptions, the voluntary contributions of the past. In this respect they differ essentially from Church revenues derived from public taxation. In the American colonies the established Churches derived their revenues to some extent from endowment, but to a much larger extent from public taxation. Disestablishment did away with the latter source of revenue, but left untouched the former.

Let us now turn, as we proposed to do, to consider the matter of church-establishment in New England, and to notice the disparity between the case of the colonies and of the mother country. Our leading instances shall be the Plymouth colony and Massachusetts.

The men of Plymouth were the true fathers of religious liberty on the Amer-

ican continent. Arminianism and religious liberality, Calvinism and intolerance, were almost inseparably united, alike in England and on the continent of Europe, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The men of Plymouth, between leaving England and settling in America, had been long enough in contact with the Arminianism of Holland, if not to unlearn their Calvinism, yet to learn to modify it, and to acquire the principles of tolerance and a sense of the rights of conscience.

It is true that, like the other colonies of New England, they regarded themselves as being a religious congregation not less than a civil commonwealth. This assumption, which, or its equivalent, had up to that time pervaded the whole national life and framework of Europe, making Church and State everywhere to be one, was not likely soon to give way, did not, in fact, soon or easily give way, anywhere, and was likely to be adhered to with intense tenacity, in such colonies as those of New England, in such a company of colonists as that of New Plymouth. But though the colony was ruled by the church-meeting, it was not greatly governed, nor were public forms of religion to any considerable extent enforced, at least at first, by legal enactments or by pains and penalties. Plymouth Colony tried to go back to first principles; the colony was little else than the congregation, was a mere voluntary association, without any code of laws, but settling all questions as they rose by the vote of the majority. In this congregational colony Church and State were thus one, each being but a special aspect of the same community. If under such circumstances, the wants of the ministers of the congregation and the ecclesiastical needs of the community had been provided for permanently and adequately by common lands devoted to sacred purposes, or by a common custom of tithe, universally agreed and acted upon, until it had grown to have the force and equity of common law, the analogy between the case of this colony and of the early State Churches or Church States of the seventh and eighth centuries would have been complete. Such, however, was not the case. It was assumed

* Ibid., pp. 14-17.

that due provision would be voluntarily made for the maintenance of the pastorate and of religious services; and, for many years, the matter was left unregulated by any public law or general custom. No agreement of the community set apart, in permanence, a proportionate and adequate endowment; no uniform and universal self-imposed tribute of support in kind became naturally, and by an authority of common consent more efficacious and authoritative than any parchmented statute, the common law of the settlement. The whole matter was left to the operation of "the voluntary principle," to use the modern phrase. This principle, no doubt, produced considerable results; though no law or binding custom of tithe was acknowledged, many of the citizens actually gave tithe to the Church. The community, also, gave sites for meeting-houses, and more or less, in many cases, glebes or lands towards the support of the ministry. Nevertheless, the results were, after a generation had passed away, found to be altogether insufficient.

It became necessary, accordingly, to have direct legislation on the subject. By this time, indeed, the colony had been forced to depart from its original simplicity of conception and government, and the civil commonwealth, with its apparatus of laws and exclusively civil functionaries, had come out into distinct form. In 1655 (thirty-five years after the landing of the "fathers"), in consequence of complaints from some ministers on the subject of maintenance, the General Court of the colony determined that no pastor should leave his congregation for this cause without informing the magistrates, and that the magistrate in any case of real deficiency of maintenance, should take measures, after using persuasion, to compel, if necessary, the "hearers" to contribute properly to the support of the ministry. Two years later, the due maintenance of the ministers was made a distinct matter of town (or township) responsibility, and it was ordered that four officers in each township should be chosen to assess a rate upon the inhabitants for the support of the ministry and public worship of the Church; or, if such officers could not be chosen, or, for whatever reason, were not chosen by the public assembly, giving authority to the magistrates to appoint three such. The rate of payment to the minister was to be determined by the Church, with the concurrence either of the inhabitants duly assembled, or, failing this, of the magistrates. Other regulations on the same

subject followed in subsequent years, and power of distress against recusants was given to the officers appointed to collect the minister's dues.

About the same period the Plymouth colony made it obligatory upon every new settlement to build its meeting-house, to procure a settled minister,—"an able, godly man for the dispensing of God's word,"—and to levy a rate on all lands included within the township, for the discharge of the expenses connected with the establishment and maintenance of the ministry.

It seems evident that the middle of the seventeenth century was too early a date for the maintenance of religion in the Plymouth colony on the voluntary principle. That principle was fairly tried, and was found wanting. Nevertheless, it must not be lost sight of that, even in legal interferences and enactments, the "voluntary principle"—in a free democracy like that of the Plymouth colony—was at the bottom of the law, and lent force and efficacy to the enactments. Nor can we, for our part, doubt that what was done needed to be done, and was justly done, and that that part of New England is vastly better and happier to-day, and, under its "voluntary" *régime*, finds its Christian ordinances more easily sustained and provided for, because of the godly enactments of the seventeenth century. The voluntary principle of to-day could hardly have been applied with ease or efficiency in such a state of society as that of New England in 1650. Nine hundred years before, in the Saxon times of our own country, it could not, in our modern sense and fashion, have been applied at all. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils himself in many ways." It is natural to bring modern ideas to our study of past ages; but if we do not get rid of them as we proceed with the study, we shall never come to any but absurd conclusions as to those ages.

In a few other respects the legislation of Plymouth Colony, although milder than that of its sister commonwealths in New England, made some efforts towards the legal enforcement upon the citizens of outward conformity and respect to the Church. In 1650 it was forbidden to "set up any churches or public meetings diverse from those already set up and approved, without the consent and approbation of the government." In the following year a penalty of ten shillings was attached to the neglect of public worship "in any lazy, slothful, or profane way," which regulation,

however, was repealed in this tolerant State eight years afterwards. No man was allowed to be a freeman of their commonwealth, — to have any franchise or official responsibility, — who was not of generally orthodox opinions, or, at least, who professed any contrary opinions. Legal disability, for ecclesiastical reasons, was never carried farther than this in Plymouth Colony.

In Massachusetts, founded a few years later than Plymouth Colony (1627), a very different spirit prevailed. The most rigid and despotic State Churchism reigned in this colony, and in the colonies which sprang from it, or were closely associated with it, as Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine. In few parts of the Protestant world were proscription and persecution kept up at once so long and so relentlessly as in these New England colonies. As State-Church prescription ruled with more continuous and unsleeping rigidity, so it was maintained to a much later period, and in more annoying forms, in these colonies than in the mother country. During the latter part of the last century, it was still in strong force, and in the early years of the present it was still operative in hampering the gospel efforts, and degrading the position and character of Methodist pioneer preachers.

Much of the annoyance caused by New England State Churchism, especially in later times, arose from the fact that the established clergy — who were Congregationalists — were paid by local assessed rates or taxes, and not out of ancient endowments or property. The original law of rating was adopted so early as 1644, in which year the confederate commissioners of the United colonies, one Plymouth commissioner dissenting, recommended to the General Courts of all the colonies whom they represented that those in the several plantations who "were taught in the Word" should be called together, and should put down what they were willing to contribute towards the maintenance of the ministry; and that if any man refused "to pay a meet portion," he should be "rated by authority in some just and equal way," such rates being recoverable by civil process. This recommendation seems to have been at once adopted in all the "plantations," except Plymouth, which, as we have seen, came into this method some ten years later. It was also enacted that every town (township or parish) should provide for itself meeting-house, parsonage, and minister, and that, voluntarily or otherwise, all the inhabitants should con-

tribute a due proportion towards the expense. Down to 1800 the exact penalties which defaulting towns must pay stood unrepealed on the statute-book. Only seven years after the foundation of the State (in 1634) a law had been passed, imposing a penalty of five shillings for absence from meeting on Lord's Day, fast, or thanksgiving. Even so late as 1791 legislation on this subject was neither obsolete nor exhausted. In that year the law was modified, and able-bodied men, absent from meeting for three months, were allowed to compound for their neglect by a fine of ten shillings. Nor was this law repealed in Massachusetts until 1835. Connecticut and New Haven colonies walked with Massachusetts step by step in their legislation on these subjects during the greater part of the seventeenth century. To quote a writer, to whom we are much indebted in this article, "All were by law obliged to attend upon Congregational worship" — the established religion — "and support the same by rates, laid and collected like those for other civil charges. No church could be established without leave of the court."*

Even after the colonies had become states — "sovereign states" — the same principles were upheld. In the Massachusetts Bill of Rights of 1780, the third article made it a duty of the legislature to "authorize and require the several towns, parishes, and precincts to make suitable provision at their own expense" for public worship and the "maintenance of public Protestant teachers." Further, in 1786 an act was passed giving power and authority to every annual town-meeting to "grant and vote such sums as they shall judge necessary for the settlement, maintenance, and support of the ministry, meeting-houses, etc., to be assessed upon the polls and property within the same." Thus was established throughout the state, town by town, parish by parish, precinct by precinct, the religion of the majority in each place. In New England, we need scarcely add, the religion of the majority was almost universally Congregationalist, although New England Congregationalism was often modified by Presbyterian ideas, such as the distinction between teaching and ruling elders and the institution of the Church session. Thus all dissenters were taxed directly and in the most vexatious and offensive manner — by a poll tax and by a property tax —

* See *British Quarterly Review*, January and April of last year.

for the support of a form of religion of which they disapproved. If there had been any such form of Church establishment in England it must have been swept away long since. The Church-rate grievance was utterly trivial in comparison. In the United States the all but universal impression is that Church establishment in this country involves direct and weighty rating or taxation in support of the Church of England. We have scarcely found one American, however generally well informed, who was not under this impression. It is the natural inference from their own history and experience.

Of the penal enactments and proceedings against dissenters and heretics, and in particular against Anabaptists and Quakers, which were kept up for very many years, and carried out with an unrelenting severity—even, in the case of some Quakers, to the extremity of hanging—not exceeded in the worst times of Stuart intolerance in the old country, we have no space to speak. At a period even later than the middle of the last century, when in one town, Norwich, in the state of Connecticut, the revivalist or Methodist Congregationalists, called at that time the "Separates," had, despite official discouragement and pecuniary mulcts, become so numerous as to form the majority in the town-meeting, and had therefore disallowed, and claimed the legal right to disallow, the payment of rates to the established Church, the State Assembly interfered, and taxed them by special act for the support of the worship from which they conscientiously abstained and dissented. On their refusal to pay this tax, as many as forty persons, men and women, were imprisoned in a single year.

At the opening of the present century some advance had been made towards a better state of things. Indeed it would have been impossible to keep up the commerce of the world between these colonies and other lands, or the commerce of life and thought within the colonies themselves, if some modifications of existing laws had not been admitted. As now in Germany or in France, so in New England in the year 1800, a dissenting or independent congregation could, on certain conditions, obtain recognition as legal, and the members could claim that their taxes paid for the maintenance of religion should be transferred towards the support of their own minister and worship. But they were bound to prove their membership and, by petition or suit, formally to establish their claim to have the transfer made. The

presence within the States of foreign and foreign-speaking settlements, coming from various countries of continental Europe, would alone have made this modification necessary. Nevertheless, so jealously was this liberty watched and guarded, that in 1804 it was judicially decided in Massachusetts that an itinerant Methodist minister could not be regarded as the "settled" minister of his people, and could not recover from the town treasurer the taxes paid by his flock. Every citizen was bound to belong to some Church; and was finable for non-attendance at public worship. In Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont matters were substantially on the same footing.

In the small colony of Rhode Island alone had the principle of absolute voluntarism been adopted. Here, about the middle of the seventeenth century, Roger Williams, escaping from the penal laws of Massachusetts, found and founded a refuge, originally for Baptists, but also for all who were content to live without an established religion. Rhode Island refused to persecute even Quakers, provoking sectaries as these usually were at this time—sometimes, indeed, public nuisances—and at length made bold (in 1716) to declare it unlawful for any rate or tax anywhere to be laid or levied on behalf of any minister or ministers.

It is proper, however, in judicially studying this whole question to give due weight to what the no less candid than well-informed writer in the *British Quarterly* says respecting this special case of Rhode Island: "In fairness it should be borne in mind that her central position, surrounded by the other colonies, made it possibly a little easier for her to have her own way; while the extreme smallness of her population reduced the importance of her action in all respects. Seventy-two years after the founding of the colony, when (December, 1708) her first general census was taken, there were only 7,181 inhabitants. Nor did the other colonies believe that the Rhode Island way worked well for herself, in a moral and religious points of view. Cotton Mather, who had great powers of statement, expressed a feeling largely existent when he said of it: "I believe there never was held such a variety of religions together on so small a spot of ground as have been in that colony. It has been a *colluvies* of Antinomians, Familists, Anabaptists, Anti-Sabbatarians, Arminians, Socinians, Quakers, Ranters, everything in the world but Roman Catholics and real Christians—

though of the latter I hope there have been more than of the former among them; so that if a man had lost his religion, he might find it at this general muster of opinionists." "Everything but Roman Catholics and real Christians." It seems Rhode Island imposed disabilities upon Roman Catholics in 1663, which were not removed till the period of the Revolution, in 1783.

Elsewhere among all the American colonies we find no such exception as Rhode Island. The case of Pennsylvania, if closely examined, would, we believe, not prove to be really an exception; and, taking into account its Quaker, its Huguenot, and its large German settlements, forming, in the earlier years of its history, the predominant elements in its population, it seems evident that while it could not be organized on any other than liberal principles, could not possibly have been settled and governed on New England principles, so neither could it have been colonized and governed on the principles which prevailed in Rhode Island. It is an important point, however, besides, that it was founded half a century later than the New England colonies, when the political and ecclesiastical temper in England was very different from what it had been fifty years before. We apprehend that whilst in Pennsylvania there was universal toleration, and, moreover, many congregations and even settlements — signally those of the Quakers and Baptists — relied solely on voluntary liberality for the support of the ministry and of public worship, nevertheless the public assembly of citizens in each locality claimed and exercised the power, if they thought fit, to impose a common rate or tax for the support of the religion of the majority.

In Virginia the established religion was Episcopalian and Anglican, and was maintained, as elsewhere, by public tax or rate. But discipline and penalties were not enforced, as in New England, by the stern and direct authority and action of the civil power. The discipline was that of the Church of England, but enforced there more laxly than in the mother country; it was not identified with recent law and living and growing organization, and was suffered to fall into decay at an earlier period than in England.

Maryland, as all know, was a tolerant colony. There also Anglican Episcopacy was established; but some of the best and oldest families of the colony, including that of Lord Baltimore, in whose family

the government was vested, were Roman Catholic.

In New York State the Reformed Dutch Church was the original established Church, with all the rights of the mother Church in Holland. It still retains a powerful hold on the state — numbering some seventy thousand members, and being in possession of large endowments, especially in New York City. The Reformed Dutch is indeed the wealthiest Church to-day in New York, and is distinguished both by the splendor of its sacred buildings and the high ability and character of its ministers. Throughout this state, however, as elsewhere wherever there was the need — and throughout the country districts the need was universal — the minister of the majority in each place was maintained by public taxation. The people, however, were not sufficiently theological to emulate the "dour" earnestness in Church matters of doctrinal and persecuting New England. Congregationalism, though it naturally passed over from New England into Long Island, and so planted itself strongly by the side of the city of New York, seems never to have obtained a wide or powerful hold of the state, or even of the city. Presbyterianism, in its different varieties, Dutch, German, and English, has had and has a much stronger hold.

The small state of Delaware was originally Swedish, having been settled as early as 1627. After being in the hands of the Dutch for a few years, it was ceded to the English in 1664. High Lutheranism was originally its established religion, but after its cession to the English, Anglo-Episcopacy — between which and High Lutheranism there are strong analogies and affinities — being the prevalent religion of Maryland, with which Delaware was closely associated, naturally found a congenial lodgment in Delaware.

North Carolina followed the laws and customs of Virginia, from which it was an offshoot. South Carolina and Georgia were settled at a considerably later period. Throughout all these colonies Anglican Episcopacy was the established religion, but public opinion was opposed to over-zeal or systematic legal persecution in religious matters. Scotch Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Moravians were intermingled with the Anglo-colonial population. South of the Hudson, Congregational Puritanism did not find a congenial soil.

Everywhere alike, however, the idea of established religion in the American col-

onies was identified with the thought of direct taxation for the support of that religion, taxation in a specially offensive and odiously direct form. And in the leading colonies — afterwards states — it was associated also with the recent memory of legal penalties and oppressions of the most irritating nature. In the United States disestablishment meant — and was welcomed as meaning — deliverance from such odious and oppressive imposts, tyrannies, and penalties as we have described. The wonder is not that, in this sense, disestablishment at length forced its way into act and effect some fifty years ago, but rather that in such a country of liberty, of individuality, of democratic progress, as America, it endured so long. We cannot say when the last rag of establishmentarian law was done away in the States. In Massachusetts it seems to have been in 1835. Possibly some remnants of it may yet linger in the Southern States, but we have been able to gain no information on the subject.

If we survey the period between the first settlement of the Eastern States and the War of Independence, we may distinguish in general the following tides or currents of emigration to the colonies. We name first the Congregational, which set in with steady force and continuity till the star of Cromwell's ascendancy had risen in England, and which renewed its flow after 1662 had more than brought back to English Nonconformists the days of suffering and proscription. This current set steadily over to New England, carrying thither, unhappily, a force of bigotry not inferior to that from which the emigrants had fled to the American shores. Intermediate between the former and the latter set of this current was the flow of Cavalier emigration — Anglicans chiefly, but intermingled also with Roman Catholics — which set towards Virginia and Maryland. Some years later the penal driving and harrying, the repressions and oppressions, of the Scottish Presbyterians during the reigns of the last two Stuarts, sent crowds of Scottish settlers to all the states south of the Hudson. In Maryland some Presbyterians had settled as early as the time of James I., and the states of New York and Maryland first, and, after its settlement, that of Pennsylvania, received, from this cause, a large infusion of Scottish settlers who were careful to take their Presbyterianism with them. The downfall of the Stuarts and the Scotch risings in 1715 and 1745 were the cause, at a later

period, of extensive Scotch emigration from the Highlands. The states to the farther south, the Carolinas and Georgia, received their full share of Scottish settlers. North Carolina, in particular, was long a favorite field for Highland emigration.*

Accordingly, New England was, a hundred years ago, intolerantly, and by a large predominance, Congregational, New York and Pennsylvania knew little of Congregationalism, but not a little of Presbyterianism in different forms, in addition to a share of Anglo-Episcopalianism and many foreign admixtures, while the states south and west of the Delaware were predominantly Anglo-Episcopalian, but held also a considerable intermingling of Presbyterianism, except Virginia, where there was little else than Anglicanism. Methodism, at this period, had only been heard of here and there; it was scarcely known in the land. It had, however, made a small beginning in Maryland and Virginia, and also in the city of New York. Its character, thus far, was that of an irregular offshoot of the Church of England, and it found its natural shelter and home under the shadow of Anglo-Episcopacy. The points we have now noted are important in their relation to the future development of the various religious bodies within the states and to the geographical situations which they were destined to occupy.

Dr. Warren, of the University of Boston, in a paper which he read before the Evangelical Alliance, in New York, three years ago,† has given a vivid picture, first, of the wonderful variety of heterogeneous and more or less conflicting elements which made up the religious aggregate of the United States in the former part of the eighteenth century; and, next, of the electrical influence by means of which, for the first time, some sense and premonition of unity was transfused through the entire area of the colonies.

Shut in [he says] between the territories of France upon the north and west, and Spanish Florida on the south, bisected near the middle by large Dutch and Swedish populations in New York and Delaware, over-dotted with settlements of every European nationality, the little British colonies of two hundred years ago presented in most respects the least hopeful aspect of all the European dependencies in the New World. No two existed under a

* See in Macrae's "Americans at Home," Vol. I., the interesting chapter entitled "Highlanders in North Carolina."

† Entitled "American Infidelity; its Factors and Phases."

common charter; scarce two had a like religion. Here a Romanist colony was nearest neighbor to settlements of fugitive Huguenots; there the plain and quietistic Quaker was separated only by a boundary line from the formal and rite-loving Anglican. Noblemen and peasants, Papists and Protestants, Roundheads and Cavaliers, royalists and haters of royalty, believers and unbelievers, all found themselves standing on a common platform—all faithful to their Old World affinities. Out of elements so utterly heterogeneous, whence could unity and order come? . . . Toward the middle of the last century came the fulness of God's time for generating a new Christian nationality. First a soul was needed to organize the rich though motley elements into one living national body. That soul was communicated, as by a divine afflatus, in the great Whitefieldian revival. In its mighty heat the old intellectual and spiritual partition walls, by which the colonies had been so long isolated, fused and let one tide of gracious influence roll through the whole domain. For the first time in their history, the British colonies were agitated by one thought, swayed by one mind, moved by one impulse. Again and again through all these colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia, this most famous evangelist of history moved in triumph. Puritan New Englanders forgot that he was a gowned priest of the very Church from whose oppressions they had fled to the wilds of a new world. Dutch New York and German Pennsylvania almost unlearned their degenerating vernaculars as they listened to his celestial eloquence. The Quaker was delighted with his gospel simplicity, the Covenanter and Huguenot with his "doctrines of grace." The Episcopalians were his by rightful Church-fellowship, and thus it came to pass that when, after crossing the ocean eighteen times in his flying ministry, he lay down in death at Newburyport, he was unconsciously, but in reality, the spiritual father of a great Christian nation. The fact has never been duly acknowledged by the historian, but a fact it is.

From an interesting and valuable paper by Dr. Hurst, of Drew Seminary, published recently in the New York *Christian Advocate* (August 24, 1876), we are enabled to state, at least approximately, what were the numbers of the ministers and the congregations belonging to the different Christian professions in the colonies of a hundred years ago. They were estimated as follows:—

	Ministers.	Churches.
Congregationalists . . .	575	700
Baptists . . .	350	380
Episcopalians . . .	250	300
Presbyterians . . .	140	300
Lutherans . . .	25	60
German Reformed . . .	25	60
Reformed Dutch . . .	25	60

Associate . . .	13	20
Moravians . . .	12	8
Roman Catholic . . .	26	52
Methodists . . .	20	11

Total . . . 1,461 1,951

At that time the total population is estimated as having amounted to three million, of which five hundred thousand were slaves. The proportion of ministers and of churches to-day is, in comparison of the population, much more than twice as large, although the population has multiplied by thirteen.

It is remarkable how the Baptists had increased and multiplied, notwithstanding the unrelenting persecutions which followed them in New England for several generations, and the general antipathy against them also in the Anglo-Episcopal states. It must, indeed, be borne in mind that their congregations were often small, and that a large proportion of their "ministers" were virtually laymen, following secular occupations six days and having never received formal ordination. Still the list we have given already shows what has been abundantly established since, that there is a powerful congeniality between that sect, which places itself at the opposite extreme to everything that savors of ritualism or ministerial authority, and the spirit and predilections of a large proportion of the free and democratic—the sometimes wild and eccentric—settlers of the American continent, especially among the less cultivated classes and in the more sparsely settled districts. There are, as we know, Baptists and Baptists; the majority of American Baptists were in 1776, and are still, of a very different type from those of whom Englishmen think in association with the names of Robert Hall, J. H. Hinton, and Dr. Steane; although there are in the United States many Baptist ministers and Baptist congregations, that need not fear a comparison with the best and foremost that are or have been in this country.

"The order of growth of the denominations," says Dr. Hurst, "was not anticipated by any of the seers, of whom the number was large at the beginning of our national history." No one could have foreseen that, if the first was not to become last, the last was to become first, and the first considerably to descend in the scale. Dr. Styles, president of Yale College,* uttered his prophecy in 1783: "When we look forward," he says, "and

* New Haven, Connecticut.

see this country increased to forty or fifty millions, we shall doubtless find the united body of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches making an equal figure with any two of them." The period looked forward to by Dr. Styles has all but arrived, but the results are very different from his expectations. The Presbyterians, indeed, organized more thoroughly and vigorously on a broad connectional basis, and gathering independence, energy, and facility of development from their entire liberation from the trammels of local settlements and establishment, have wonderfully grown during the present century; but the Congregationalists have in proportion considerably declined. In the mean time an obscure and subaltern sect, unrecognized by statisticians, and scarcely referred to by name, and then only to be noted as utterly feeble and insignificant, by the ecclesiastical reviewers and prognosticators of ninety years ago, has grown to be by far the largest and most popular Church in the States, whilst next to this communion comes up the somewhat heterogeneous aggregate of Baptist churches.

In 1874, there was published in the official report and record of the New York meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, as an appendix, a "Statistical Exhibit of Evangelical Christianity in the United States." Dr. Schaff and Dr. Prime were the editors of the volume generally, and this particular table was prepared by the Rev. Daniel Dorchester of Lowell. It is exceedingly elaborate, and was brought down to the latest dates. According to this document the Methodist family of churches numbered upwards of three million communicants, the Baptist family more than two million, the Presbyterians of all shades very nearly a million; the Lutherans, of all sorts, nearly half a million; Congregationalists three hundred and nineteen thousand; Episcopalians two hundred and forty thousand; and other bodies, including Friends, Evangelical Adventists, and a number of still smaller sects, about one hundred and forty-five thousand more.* In a note to this table Dr. Schaff, himself a member of the German Reformed Presbyterian Church, says in regard to the Episcopalian Church, "The religious and social influence of this body is much greater than its numerical strength, especially in the large cities,—New York, Philadelphia, and Boston." It will be observed that in this statistical table of Evangelical Chris-

tianity the Roman Catholic churches are naturally omitted.

According to the census returns for 1870, the denominational preferences of the population were assigned as follows:—Methodists, 6,528,000; Baptists, 4,360,000; Presbyterians of various classes, including the German and Dutch Reformed, 3,300,000; Roman Catholics, 1,990,000; Congregational, 1,177,212; Episcopalians, 991,051; Lutherans, 977,332; Christians, 865,602; Friends, 224,664; Universalists, 210,884; Unitarians, 155,471; besides minor sects.

What surprises one in this list is the large number of persons whose "preference" is assigned for the Society of Friends. It seems to show that the number of nominal "Friends" is very large indeed in proportion to the number of *bonâ fide* worshippers. The number of Roman Catholics, on the other hand, is less than might have been expected. The Roman Catholic authorities themselves claim three million adherents; but this is, no doubt, an exaggeration. All American statistics, however, returned by paid officials of their public service, are notoriously untrustworthy. They can only be taken as a very rude approximation to the truth.

There is a denomination enumerated in this return under the name of Christians, which is altogether omitted and ignored in the tables contained in the volume of the Evangelical Alliance. It is, however, recognized in another official census table for 1870, where it is set down as having 2,822 church-buildings, eight hundred and sixty-five thousand sittings, and over six million dollars of property, or less than one-tenth of the property of the Methodist bodies. We presume that this sect answers to that commonly designated in this country as "The Brethren," and we are confirmed in this view by the fact that it does not appear to have organized any missions, either for home or foreign evangelization, or indeed any other denominational enterprises or outgrowths, so that it is not only altogether unnoticed in the table we have quoted from Dr. Schaff's volume, but in the "Methodist Almanac" it is not mentioned in the "Comparative Statistical Summaries of Denominations," although it appears, in the way we have noted, in the two census tables to which we have referred, and which are given in the almanac.

The Churches which have mainly done the work of evangelization among the colored men are the Methodists and the Baptists. This fact must be borne in mind in

* In the case of the Friends, the number (57,405) must be taken as professed members, not communicants.

connection with the great numerical superiority of these two bodies. The Methodists, however, with the exception of New England, New York City, St. Louis, perhaps also Chicago, and some few localities besides, are, throughout the Union, the leading denomination in respect of numbers. The Methodist is, *par excellence*, the American Church. It has been wholly developed within the Union, has been altogether independent, since its first real organization, and from the early times of its feeble obscurity, of the mother Church in England, and has, in some important respects, been moulded on a different model—a model more suited to a vast territory and a new country; it has from the beginning been racy of the soil, and has shaped and adapted itself, every way and at every turn, to the conditions of American society. Its itinerant basis—*itinerant* alike for bishop, presiding elder, and circuit or station minister, its unrivalled plasticity, its free and various use of lay influence, its variety of organization, from the simple village meeting, independent of a settled pastor, to the ornate service of the wealthy and cultivated city congregation, its equally ready use of all gifts and attainments, of the learned and the unlearned, its uneducated rusticity here, its educated refinement there, and, though last not least, its experimental preaching, its fellowship meetings, its generous theology, have all combined to make Methodism the popular Church of America. It is often excelled both in culture and in power of a certain kind by some of the other Churches; excelled sometimes by Congregationalism, sometimes by Presbyterianism, and again sometimes by Anglo-American Episcopacy; it is, on the whole, in proportion to its numbers and its popular hold, excelled in high social and even political influence by all the denominations we have named. But it is absolutely more powerful as a Church, it possesses more ecclesiastical wealth and property, and it has more diffused influence in the community than any of them.

We have already remarked that at the period when the United States achieved their independence, Congregationalism occupied New England, Anglo-Episcopacy prevailed in the South, and Presbyterianism held an influential position in the intermediate states, and that this condition of things had an important bearing on the later development of Methodism. Let us add here that the situation of so great a city and centre as Philadelphia, on the very edge of the southern region, after a

while gave Episcopacy in that city a relative position and proportionate development not greatly inferior to that which it held in Baltimore, whilst, again, the extraordinary tolerance and the mutual friendliness between varying sects, which were scarcely less characteristic of Baltimore than of Philadelphia, and which had characterized Baltimore for more than a generation before Philadelphia was founded, had given to Presbyterianism in Baltimore an early position of respect and influence next to that enjoyed, of Protestant sects, by the Church of England. The range of Presbyterianism, accordingly, extended from New York to Baltimore, while, on the other hand, the range of Episcopalian influence extended from the south as far north as New York. In such a port and garrison as New York, the Church of the English sovereign and Parliament, of the English gentry, and of English official life, could not but hold a position of dignity and influence, however little it might be known inland or throughout the state generally. Indeed, even in Boston, Anglo-Episcopacy, though the number of its followers was small, held a distinguished position at the time of the Revolution; it was a sort of foreign Church, but its dignity was undeniable, and its social position was high. Elsewhere, however, throughout New England, the traces of it were few and far between. Congregationalism was the Church of New England, the established religion, Anglo-Episcopacy was "the English Church."

Now, leaving out of account, as we must do in the present article, all foreign continental strains of emigration and of public faith and worship, the new element which, after the Revolution, was to enter, with predominant power and amazing force and swiftness of development, into the religious life and growth of America, and which was to confound all the predictions of the politico-ecclesiastical seers, was Methodism. Nevertheless, even the power and spread of Methodism were, more or less, limited and conditioned by the lines of denominational position and influence which were already occupied by the Churches we have named.

Congregationalism reigned without a rival in New England in 1776, and it is still by far the predominant denomination in the New England States. It holds much more than the citadel still. It is still the denomination which—sometimes, indeed, under the Unitarian form, though not so largely as thirty years ago

— possesses not only an unrivalled ascendancy, in respect of culture, wealth, and social position, over all others, — with the doubtful exception in Boston, and here and there besides, of the Episcopal Church, — but possesses also a decided superiority of numbers. Methodism, although dominant, at least in numbers and popular influence, throughout every other section of the states, has never attained to more than a subordinate position in the original New England territory. It holds, in this part of the country, much the same position, relatively, which it occupies in most parts of England. Rank, fashion, intellectualism, as yet, in Boston and New England, hold themselves aloof from the Methodist Church. Of the descendants of the early settlers — the aristocracy, these of New England — not a few of the most distinguished have left Congregationalism for liturgical Episcopacy.* But we never heard of any family in such a position of society identifying itself with Methodism.

On the other hand, Methodism, having been, in a sense, identified with the Church of England, some of whose most devoted clergy in Maryland had worked with the itinerant evangelists of Methodism, in a spirit similar to that which inspired such clergymen as Grimshaw and Fletcher in England, unfolded and advanced with great power from Baltimore as a centre. In and around that city the devoted Asbury — afterwards Bishop Asbury — made his home more often and more happily than elsewhere. In that city the early conferences of Methodism in America were held for many years, in almost unbroken succession. Dr. Coke found a loving welcome there in his visits to America. But, further, as a consequence of the Revolutionary War, very many of the settled Episcopal clergy throughout these southerly regions, being passionate loyalists, left America as the war proceeded, as disaffection grew and deepened, and victory, at length, began to declare itself on the side of the colonists. Into the gap thus made in the religious organizations of the colonies — the states, as they soon came to be — Methodism stepped. Its ministrations were ready to hand, and were of an eminently popular character. They were not offensive to the doctrinal or, for

the most part, the ecclesiastical prejudices or predilections of the people. Calvinistic Puritanism — settled and fortified Congregationalism — were not found in the regions of which we speak. There was Presbyterianism, it is true, but Presbyterianism in 1775-1784 was as characteristically "the Scotch Church," supported exclusively by people of the Scottish race, as Episcopalianism had been the "English Church," the Church of English loyalists. Methodism gathered converts chiefly among the people of English race. Nor was it either, on the one hand, identified with political revolutionary propagandism, or, on the other, with strong or settled loyalism. Its elder teachers had been loyalists, but of these several had returned home. Asbury, though an Englishman and of Church of England predilections, had embraced the cause of the Revolution — moderately, but decisively. On one or two occasions, indeed, an attempt was made to create a prejudice against Methodism, as identified with English Toryism. Wesley's public course in England in the later stages of the Revolutionary contest — for, privately, he had, in 1775, remonstrated strongly with the ministry of the day as to the impolicy and injustice of their conduct towards the colonies — was likely to raise a suspicion against Methodism in the minds of strong revolutionists. But the Methodists, when the suspicion assumed anything like form or found any expression, so earnestly and decisively affirmed and established their own true-heartedness as American citizens that this cause of prejudice was soon and effectually dispelled.

Methodism accordingly obtained, at the early time of which we speak, a strong lodgment and wide acceptance within the provinces of Maryland (including Delaware) and Virginia, and also obtained some hold in the Quaker city. A certain affinity between Quakers and Methodists has often been found; but, besides, in Philadelphia as in Baltimore, Methodism took up, in part, the ground vacated by English Episcopacy. In New York, although, partly in connection with the military and partly through Hibernian emigration, Methodism had obtained some position there since 1766, yet its hold was small and slight. Nor, indeed, has Methodism, down to the present day, ever attained a development and representation in New York at all proportionate to its position and influence in the country at large. At Baltimore, on the contrary, it has from the first maintained its influ-

* For example, Mr. R. C. Winthrop, the esteemed representative of the family of the famous original Governor Winthrop, who was formerly American minister in this country, and long one of the leaders of the Whig-Republican party in the States, is now a member of the Episcopal Church.

ence. Indeed, Methodism has long been by far the most powerful organization in that pleasant and warm-hearted city. At the present time there are, we believe, no fewer than eighty Methodist churches in Baltimore. Presbyterianism, we believe, holds the second position in the city in point of numbers; in character, social position, and general influence Presbyterianism is not inferior to any denomination in Baltimore. Protestant Episcopacy, also, holds a distinguished and influential position in Baltimore; and, as might be expected, from the earliest history of Maryland, Roman Catholicism has in Baltimore one of its chief American strongholds. In Philadelphia, Methodism has stood well almost from the beginning. It has now a larger absolute number of adherents in Philadelphia than in any city in the land; it has, indeed, a larger following in this city than any other Protestant Church has in any city in the States. But Methodism is stronger, comparatively, in Baltimore than anywhere else, and its absolute numbers, we believe, fall but little short of the Methodism of Philadelphia. Presbyterianism, also, is exceedingly strong in Philadelphia, stronger, we believe, than in any city in the States.

New Jersey, lying between New York State and Pennsylvania, was up to 1736 a part of the state of New York. In this fertile and favored little state, with so many of the attributes of a "south land," Methodism found early and kindly rooting. Dr. Stevens, in his spirited and excellent "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," gives the following picture of the territorial position and development of Methodism at the close of the War of Independence. The view extends from New York and New Jersey towards the north down to North Carolina in the south.

During most of the war Methodism had its chief successes in its southern fields. Abbott and his fellow-laborers kept it alive and moving in New Jersey, and at the peace that State reported more than one thousand members; but, out of the nearly fourteen thousand returned in 1783, more than twelve thousand were in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. There were more within the small limits of Delaware than in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or New York. New York had but about sixty, Philadelphia but a hundred and nineteen, Baltimore more than nine hundred. Nearly all the preachers who entered the itinerant ranks during these years were raised up south of Pennsylvania. It was, in fine, during these stormy times that Methodism took that thorough possession of the central colonies which it has ever since maintained,

and began to send forth those itinerant expeditions, which have borne its ensign over the South, over the West, and even to the north-east as far as Maine; for we shall hereafter see that not only Lee, but many of his assistant founders of Methodism in New England, were from these middle provinces. While the war lasted they pushed their way southward and westward, but as soon as the struggle closed they broke energetically into the North. Methodism thus took much of its primitive tone from the characteristic temperament of the colonies of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia,—a fact which had no slight influence on its history for more than half a century. The subtler intelligence and severer temper of the North, and especially of the North-east, were to intervene at the opportune moment, to develop its literary, theological, and educational interests, and to embody it in effective and enduring institutions and forms of policy; but it needed yet the animation, the energetic temperament, the social aptness and vivacity, the devotional enthusiasm, of the more southern countries. At the end of the Revolutionary War there was, probably, not a Methodist in the Eastern States; for the society formed by Boardman, in Boston, had become extinct. It was to achieve its chief triumphs, for some time yet, southward and westward, and to encounter in those directions adventures and hardships for which the ardent and generous spirit of its present people and ministry peculiarly fitted it. It went forward, not only preaching and praying, but also "shouting," infecting the enterprising, adventurous, and scattered populations of the wilderness and frontiers with its evangelical enthusiasm, and gathering them by thousands into its communion. It pressed northward, at first, with the same zealous ardor, but became there gradually tempered with a more deliberate, a more practical, yet a hardly less energetic spirit. The characteristics of both sections blended, securing to it at once unity, enthusiasm, and practical wisdom, especially in its great fields in the West, where, for the last half century, and probably for all future time, it was destined to have its most important sway.*

The struggle of Methodism to establish itself in the north-eastern provinces has been strenuous and obstinate; more difficult and protracted than in any other section of the country; but the contest has been for a great prize—to obtain an effectual lodgment among the most intellectually energetic and the most cultivated population of the Union—to establish evangelical Arminianism in regions where orthodoxy meant strict Calvinism—and if the success gained is not yet complete or wholly satisfactory, it has nevertheless been great and important.

* Dr. Stevens's "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," Vol. I., chap. v.

The first Methodist preacher who was able to make any real beginning in New England was Jesse Lee, whose preaching under the elm on Boston Common is one of the waymarks of American Methodist history. This was in 1790. At this time Methodism "had spread into all the Atlantic States out of New England; it had penetrated into the primeval wildernesses of the West, and its itinerant heralds were marching in the van of that vast emigration which has since covered the immense regions of the Ohio and Mississippi with magnificent states. It had even entered Canada, and passing along the waters of New England had established itself in Nova Scotia." And yet from New England itself it had turned aside. Other fields were spiritually neglected; this was already covered with organized Churches. In other fields the land was as open to the itinerant laborer as the wants of the scattered and untended settlers were pressing. Here the ancient Churches were entrenched fortresses which frowned against the stranger, and "orthodoxy" denounced the heretical Arminian intruder. Dr. Stevens gives a chapter to the subject of the mission of Methodism to New England, and recurs to the subject again and again. He shows that its efforts in that field are justified alike by the special reasons assignable for making them and by the proved results, but, he adds, "its progress there has, from the beginning, cost untold exertions on the part of its ministry and people."*

The difficulty and importance of the work in New England continually attracted Asbury to this field, although it was always a sore trial to him to visit it. In 1794 he was itinerating from state to state in these eastern regions and came into Connecticut. In this state there was an association formed against Methodism. "Ah!" he exclaims, "here are the iron walls of prejudice; but God can break them down. Out of fifteen United States thirteen are free; but two† are fettered with ecclesiastical chains, taxed to support ministers who are chosen by a small committee and settled for life. My simple prophesy is that this must come to an end with the present century." The good bishop was too sanguine. A generation

was to pass before his anticipation was realized.*

Asbury [says Dr. Stevens] traversed New England each of these years down to the last before his death. He always approached it with peculiar feelings; with mingled repugnance and hopefulness. He seemed there as in a foreign land, while all the rest of the nation was his familiar domain. Everywhere else he was welcomed by enthusiastic throngs; there he was repelled, and pursued his solitary journeys comparatively a stranger, finding refuge in families which were proscribed as heretical by public opinion, and in "meetings" which were impeached as fanatical conventicles. Yet he believed that Methodism would "radiate" over these elder communities. "I feel," he writes [this seems to have been about the year 1804], "as if God will work in these States and give us a great harvest. Surely we shall rise in New England in the next generation."†

The labors of Asbury, of Lee, of Hedding, and many another able and devoted man, their coadjutors and successors, in the states of New England, were not in vain. The bishop's longings have been fulfilled, if not fully up to the measure of his conception, yet in good degree. All things considered, the successes of Methodism in New England have scarcely been inferior to the most brilliant and striking of its triumphs elsewhere. The work was difficult and slow; the struggle was protracted and very arduous. But powers of thought, of administration, of statesmanship, have been developed in the course of the long struggle, not yet fully over, the benefit of which to American Methodism has been very great. Other regions may have been fitter training grounds for popular and passionate eloquence, and for wide and adventurous enterprise; but in New England the keenest intelligence of Methodism has been elicited, tested, and matured. And the manifest results of the labor bestowed have been very striking and encouraging. Its indirect influence has, perhaps, been as valuable as the direct. Both Unitarianism and strict Calvinism have lost power; orthodoxy has revived and become evangelical. But its direct results have been great. Even in Boston, although the inner circles and higher holds of culture and social rank have not been penetrated, the lower declivities of business life have been largely won, and Methodism makes more progress than any other Protestant denomination.

* History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. II., chap. v.

† Massachusetts and Connecticut. Massachusetts had long before absorbed Plymouth, and Maine had not yet been erected into a separate State.

* Stevens's "History," Vol. III., chap. viii.

† Ibid., Vol. IV., chap. vii.

In Massachusetts, generally, Methodism holds the third place among the denominations; being, strangely enough, higher there than in Baptist, in latitudinarian, in miscellaneous Rhode Island, where it is fourth. In New Hampshire and Connecticut it holds the second place. The spread of manufactures within these states and Massachusetts, also, during the last forty years, has, no doubt, greatly helped Methodism, as, unfortunately, it has also contributed to the spread of Popery. Methodism has spread among the English-speaking Protestant and commercial population. Roman Catholicism has spread through the influx of Irish. In Maine, Methodism has had to fight some of its hardest battles, but now stands numerically first on the list of denominations. One reason of that, doubtless, is that Maine has been largely settled, opened up, developed, since the century began. In America, as in England, Methodism adapts itself with pre-eminent facility to new incoming populations; it also goes onward with the advancing tide as no other denomination can. In Vermont, as in its neighboring state, New Hampshire, Methodism stands second on the list. But Vermont is hardly New England; it lies on the New York side, and was formerly a part of New York State.*

We have heard Americans express their wonder that Methodism in England has not overspread the land, and risen up with an irresistible tide above the highest watermark, as in America. But the history of Methodism in New England may suffice to explain the reason. With few exceptions Methodism throughout this country has been confronted by much greater difficulties, more formidable opponents, social influences far more powerful, more deeply rooted, more widely spread. New England was but a small corner of America, nor can its culture, its Church prestige, its influences of rank and wealth, be compared with those in England arrayed on behalf of all that is traditional against all

innovation. In America the prestige, the forces, the resources, the courage and confidence gained in other regions of the Union, all came to reinforce the Methodist enterprise in New England. The assailing, the invading Church, has now for many years been the greatest Church in the land. No such advantages have belonged to Methodism in any part of this country. But where, as in middle-class commercial towns and seaports, in new manufacturing populations, or in mining regions suddenly opened, Methodism in England has found an open field, amid conditions somewhat resembling those ordinarily attaching to its operations in the United States, English Methodism has proved itself no less able than transatlantic to obtain a paramount hold upon the populations, and to advance upon the crest of the flowing tide. Nowhere, however, — absolutely nowhere, — throughout England have conditions been found for the spread and triumphs of Methodist evangelization equally favorable with those found over the greatest part of the States. Our national establishment is deep-rooted everywhere. Not seldom, also, the influences of a Calvinistic Puritanism not less prejudiced, not less hard and impenetrable, than any which could be found in New England add another element of difficulty. The whole soil is preoccupied — sometimes it is preoccupied with a tangle of mixed and ancient roots and growths — and it has often been hard, indeed, for Methodism to gain a rooting.

Nevertheless it has found a rooting often even under such conditions, and it is evident that in this respect the future of English Methodism is to be better and more prosperous than the past. Methodism in England is at the present time organizing itself for home missionary toil and successes with a wisdom, a skill, a resolution, never before equalled.

Next to Methodism, among connectional or collective churches, Presbyterianism has spread itself widely and successfully through the States. This has been very much, no doubt, owing to the original tenacity and fidelity of the Presbyterian settlers and pioneers, who took their Presbyterian principles with them wherever they went. Sometimes they had at first to put up with Methodism — in default of anything more like their own denomination — and afterwards became attached to it; but if possible, and as far as possible, they, as a rule, adhered to their Presbyterianism. Hence churches were founded in the wilderness, and woven into networks of

* Congregationalism in New England has been strong in the universities of Harvard, near Boston, and Yale, at New Haven, both for many generations strictly Congregational, and still virtually and by all old traditions and associations identified to a predominant extent with Congregationalism; in the case of Yale, in its orthodox character, in the case of Harvard, under latitudinarian forms, which, however, seem at present to be undergoing to some extent a process of retransformation through the spread of Evangelical and Trinitarian sentiments or sympathies. These universities have been to New England and Congregationalism what Oxford and Cambridge have been to England and the Church of England. The new University of Boston — a Methodist foundation, of which Dr. Warren is chancellor — will doubtless greatly help Methodism in New England.

synodical connection round about influential centres. Thus Presbyterianism has spread inland and far away westward from the central seaboard states, and is found very powerfully developed through the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and still farther south, and all through the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. In some centres—as in St. Louis—Presbyterianism is more than a rival to Methodism.

New England, on the other hand, beginning to colonize and push westward at a later date, has largely leavened the states lying westerly along its own parallel, such as Michigan, Wisconsin, and the northern parts of Illinois, and in particular the great centre-city Chicago. Congregationalism, however, has not the same connectional instincts as Methodism or Presbyterianism.

The Baptists have everywhere spread over the land. Like Methodism, they have had the advantage of using to the uttermost lay gifts and services. No scruple about college learning or ministerial training has stood in the way of their advances. A separate Baptist church can spring up anywhere and find a pastor in some speaking lay brother. Such a rough and ready system is well adapted to a large proportion of the American people, especially to strong-opinioned and unlettered farmers, who love a cheap religion and detest anything that savors of form or dainty culture. Baptists accordingly—a pre-eminently democratic sect, and a very cheap sect—have found great acceptance in the States. Above all others, except, perhaps, the Methodists, they have made converts among the colored people. Their monadic simplicity, their pure democracy, the *sovereign state-ship* of each separate church, stamp the Baptist churches as eminently adapted to the conditions of American homely and country-fashion life. There is, nevertheless, much Biblical culture and much activity of mind among the better class of Baptist churches. The Baptists have a larger number of theological seminaries than any denomination in the States.

Of the Protestant Episcopal Church we have not space to say what we should have wished. After the Revolution (in 1784) this Church was reorganized. For many years it was very feeble, but during the last thirty years it has rapidly developed in organization and numbers, and still more in influence. It is very powerful in the great eastern seaboard cities, and has also taken a strong hold of the more

recently developed north-western and far-western states, such as Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas. The sagacity of its leaders, the great liberality of its wealthy churches in the east, the self-devotion and enterprise of its western clergy, the local dignity and the influence within their provinces of its diocesan bishops, and the unity and spirit of its organization, all co-operate to promote its development, in newly-opened fields. In the intermediate distances it entered too late into the race to cope with such rivals as the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Baptists; but unquestionably it has a great future before it. Unfortunately developed Ritualism is its curse, especially in the fashionable churches of the East, and its discipline enforces a law of exclusiveness as regards other Churches not less arrogant and intolerant than the utmost pretensions known in this country, coupled, at the same time, with a power and reach of synodical inquiry and control of which nothing as yet is known in our own Established Church; enforces it, too, equally on the ministers and in the Churches of America and the foreign mission-field—in New York or Wis-Chang, in Milwaukee or Jeddo.

Such is a slight and rapid general view of ecclesiastical antecedents and development among the Anglo-American Protestant Churches in the United States. Slight as it is, it seemed worth while to present it, because it includes some important points, and especially some illustrations of principles in their working under novel circumstances and in free fields, which are scarcely known at all to the English public.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PREACHER.

THE sermon Mr. Graham heard at the chapel that Sunday morning in Kentish Town was not of an elevating, therefore not of a strengthening, description. The pulpit was at that time in offer to the highest bidder—in orthodoxy, that is, combined with popular talent. The first object of the chapel's existence—I do not say in the minds of those who built it, for it was an old place, but certainly

in the minds of those who now directed its affairs — was not to save its present congregation, but to gather a larger — ultimately that they might be saved, let us hope, but primarily that the drain upon the purses of those who were responsible for its rent and other outlays might be lessened. Mr. Masquar, therefore, to whom the post was a desirable one, had been mainly anxious that morning to prove his orthodoxy, and so commend his services. Not that in those days one heard so much of the dangers of heterodoxy — that monster was as yet but growling far off in the jungles of Germany — but certain whispers had been abroad concerning the preacher which he thought it desirable to hush, especially as they were founded in truth. He had tested the power of heterodoxy to attract attention, but having found that the attention it did attract was not of a kind favorable to his wishes, had so skilfully remodelled his theories that, although to his former friends he declared them in substance unaltered, it was impossible any longer to distinguish them from the most uncompromising orthodoxy; and his sermon of that morning had tended neither to the love of God, the love of man, nor a hungering after righteousness — its aim being to disprove the reported heterodoxy of Jacob Masquar.

As they walked home, Mrs. Marshal, addressing her husband in a tone of conjugal disapproval, said, with more force than delicacy, "The pulpit is not the place to give a man to wash his dirty linen in."

"Well, you see, my love," answered her husband in a tone of apology, "people won't submit to be told their duty by mere students, and just at present there seems nobody else to be had. There's none in the market but old stagers and young colts — eh, Fred? — But Mr. Masquar is at least a man of experience."

"Of more than enough, perhaps," suggested his wife. "And the young ones must have their chance, else how are they to learn? You should have given the principal a hint. It is a most desirable thing that Frederick should preach a little oftener."

"They have it in turn, and it wouldn't do to favor one more than another."

"He could hand his guinea, or whatever they gave him, to the one whose turn it ought to have been, and that would set it all right."

At this point the silk-mercier, fearing that the dominie, as he called him, was

silently disapproving, and willing therefore to change the subject, turned to him and said, "Why shouldn't *you* give us a sermon, Graham?"

The schoolmaster laughed. "Did you never hear," he said, "how I fell like Dagon on the threshold of the Church, and have lain there ever since?"

"What has that to do with it?" returned his friend, sorry that his forgetfulness should have caused a painful recollection. "That is ages ago, when you were little more than a boy. Seriously," he added, chiefly to cover his little indiscretion, "will you preach for us the Sunday after next?" Deacons generally ask a man to preach *for* them.

"No," said Mr. Graham.

But even as he said it a something began to move in his heart — a something half of jealousy for God, half of pity for poor souls buffeted by such winds as had that morning been roaring, chaff-laden about the church, while the grain fell all to the bottom of the pulpit. Something burned in him: was it the word that was as a fire in his bones, or was it a mere lust of talk? He thought for a moment. "Have you any gatherings between Sundays?" he asked.

"Yes, every Wednesday evening," replied Mr. Marshal. "And if you won't preach on Sunday, we shall announce to-night that next Wednesday a clergyman of the Church of Scotland will address the prayer-meeting."

He was glad to get out of it so, for he was uneasy about his friend, both as to his nerve which might fail him, and his Scotch oddities which would not.

"That would be hardly true," said Mr. Graham, "seeing I never got beyond a license."

"Nobody here knows the difference between a licentiate and a placed minister; and if they did, they would not care a straw. So we'll just say *clergyman*."

"But I won't have it announced in any terms. Leave that alone, and I will try to speak at the prayer-meeting."

"It won't be in the least worth your while except we announce it. You won't have a soul to hear you but the pew-openers, the woman that cleans the chapel, Mrs. Marshal's washerwoman, and the old greengrocer we buy our vegetables from. We must really announce it."

"Then I won't do it. Just tell me: what would our Lord have said to Peter or John if they had told him that they had been to synagogue and had been asked to speak,

but had declined because there were only the pew-owners, the chapel-cleaner, a washerwoman, and a greengrocer present?"

"I said it only for your sake, Graham: you needn't take me up so sharply."

"And ra-a-ther irreverently, don't you think? Excuse me, sir," said Mrs. Marshal very softly. But the very softness had a kind of jelly-fish sting in it.

"I think," rejoined the schoolmaster, indirectly replying, "we must be careful to show our reverence in a manner pleasing to our Lord. Now, I cannot discover that he cares for any reverences but the shaping of our ways after his; and if you will show me a single instance of respect of persons in our Lord, I will press my petition no further to be allowed to speak a word to your pew-openers, washerwoman and greengrocer."

His entertainers were silent — the gentleman in the consciousness of deserved rebuke, the lady in offence.

Just then the latter bethought herself that their guest, belonging to the Scotch Church, was, if no Episcopalian, yet no Dissenter, and that seemed to clear up to her the spirit of his disapproval.

"By all means, Mr. Marshal," she said, "let your friend speak on the Wednesday evening. It would not be to his disadvantage to have it said that he occupied a Dissenting pulpit. It will not be nearly such an exertion, either; and if he is unaccustomed to speak to large congregations, he will find himself more comfortable with our usual week-evening one."

"I have never attempted to speak in public but once," rejoined Mr. Graham, "and then I failed."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said his friend's wife; and the simplicity of his confession, while it proved him a simpleton, mollified her.

Thus it came that he spent the days between Sunday and Thursday in their house, and so made the acquaintance of young Marshal.

When his mother perceived their growing intimacy, she warned her son that their visitor belonged to an unscriptural and worldly community, and that notwithstanding his apparent guilelessness — deficiency indeed — he might yet use cunning arguments to draw him aside from the faith of his fathers. But the youth replied that, although, in the firmness of his own position as a Congregationalist, he had tried to get the Scotchman into a conversation upon Church government, he had failed: the man smiled queerly and said nothing.

But when a question of New Testament criticism arose he came awake at once, and his little blue eyes gleamed like glow-worms.

"Take care, Frederick!" said his mother. "The Scriptures are not to be treated like common books and subjected to human criticism."

"We must find out what they mean, I suppose, mother," said the youth.

"You're to take just the plain meaning that he that runneth may read," answered his mother. "More than that no one has any business with. You've got to save your own soul first, and then the souls of your neighbors if they will let you; and for that reason you must cultivate, not a spirit of criticism, but the talents that attract people to the hearing of the Word. You have got a fine voice, and it will improve with judicious use. Your father is now on the outlook for a teacher of elocution to instruct you how to make the best of it and speak with power on God's behalf."

When the afternoon of Wednesday began to draw toward the evening there came on a mist — not a London fog, but a low wet cloud — which kept slowly condensing into rain; and as the hour of meeting drew nigh with the darkness it grew worse. Mrs. Marshal had forgotten all about the meeting and the schoolmaster; her husband was late, and she wanted her dinner. At twenty minutes past six she came upon her guest in the hall, kneeling on the door-mat, first on one knee, then on the other, turning up the feet of his trousers. "Why, Mr. Graham," she said kindly as he rose and proceeded to look for his cotton umbrella, easily discernible in the stand among the silk ones of the house, "you're never going out in a night like this?"

"I am going to the prayer-meeting, ma'am," he said.

"Nonsense! You'll be wet to the skin before you get halfway."

"I promised, you may remember, ma'am, to talk a little to them."

"You only said so to my husband. You may be very glad, seeing it has turned out so wet, that I would not allow him to have it announced from the pulpit. There is not the slightest occasion for your going. Besides, you have not had your dinner."

"That's not of the slightest consequence, ma'am. A bit of bread and cheese before I go to bed is all I need to sustain nature and fit me for understanding my proposition in Euclid. I have been in the habit, for the last few years,

of reading one every night before I go to bed."

"We Dissenters consider a chapter of the Bible the best thing to read before going to bed," said the lady with a sustained voice.

"I keep that for the noontide of my perceptions — for mental high water," said the schoolmaster. "Euclid is good enough after supper. Not that I deny myself a small portion of the Word," he added with a smile as he proceeded to open the door, "when I feel very hungry for it."

"There is no one expecting you," persisted the lady, who could ill endure not to have her own way, even when she did not care for the matter concerned. "Who will be the wiser or the worse if you stay at home?"

"My dear lady," returned the schoolmaster, "when I have on good grounds made up my mind to a thing, I always feel as if I had promised God to do it; and indeed it amounts to the same thing very nearly. Such a resolve, then, is not to be unmade, except on equally good grounds with those upon which it was made. Having resolved to try whether I could not draw a little water of refreshment for souls which, if not thirsting, are but fainting the more, shall I allow a few drops of rain to prevent me?"

"Pray don't let me persuade you against your will," said his hostess, with a stately bend of her neck over her shoulder as she turned into the drawing-room.

Her guest went out into the rain, asking himself by what theory of the will his hostess could justify such a phrase — too simple to see that she had only thrown it out, as the cuttle-fish its ink, to cover her retreat.

But the weather had got a little into his brain: into his soul it was seldom allowed to intrude. He felt depressed and feeble and dull. But at the first corner he turned he met a little breath of wind. It blew the rain in his face and revived him a little, reminding him at the same time that he had not yet opened his umbrella. As he put it up he laughed. "Here I am," he said to himself, "lance in hand, spurring to meet my dragon!"

Once when he used a similar expression, Malcolm had asked him what he meant by his dragon. "I mean," replied the schoolmaster, "that huge slug, *the commonplace*. It is the wearifulest dragon to fight in the whole miscreation. Wound it as you may, the jelly mass of the monster closes, and the dull one is himself again — feeding all the time so

cunningly that scarce one of the victims whom he has swallowed suspects that he is but pabulum slowly digesting in the belly of the monster."

If the schoolmaster's dragon, spread abroad as he lies, a vague dilution, everywhere throughout human haunts, has yet any *head-quarters*, where else can they be than in such places as that to which he was now making his way to fight him? What can be fuller of the wearisome, depressing, beauty-blasting commonplace than a Dissenting chapel in London on the night of the weekly prayer-meeting, and that night a drizzly one? The few lights fill the lower part with a dull, yellow, steamy glare, while the vast galleries, possessed by an ugly twilight, yawn above like the dreary openings of a disconsolate eternity. The pulpit rises into the dim, damp air, covered with brown holland, reminding one of desertion and charwomen, if not of a chamber of death and spiritual undertakers who have shrouded and confined the truth. Gaping, empty, unsightly, the place is the very skull of the monster himself — the fittest place of all wherein to encounter the great slug, and deal him one of those death-blows which every sunrise, every repentance, every childbirth, every true love, deals him. Every hour he receives the blow that kills, but he takes long to die, for every hour he is right carefully fed and cherished by a whole army of purveyors, including every trade and profession, but officered chiefly by divines and men of science.

When the dominie entered all was still, and every light had a nimbus of illuminated vapor. There were hardly more than three present beyond the number Mr. Marshal had given him to expect; and their faces, some grim, some grimy, most of them troubled, and none blissful, seemed the nervous ganglions of the monster whose faintly-gelatinous bulk filled the place. He seated himself in a pew near the pulpit, communed with his own heart, and was still. Presently the ministering deacon, a humbler one in the worldly sense than Mr. Marshal, for he kept a small ironmongery shop in the next street to the chapel, entered, twirling the wet from his umbrella as he came along one of the passages intersecting the pews. Stepping up into the desk which cowered humbly at the foot of the pulpit, he stood erect and cast his eyes around the small assembly. Discovering there no one that could lead in the singing, he chose out and read one of the monster's favorite hymns, in which never a sparkle of thought or a glow of

worship gave reason wherefore the holy words should have been carpentered together. Then he prayed aloud, and then first the monster found tongue, voice, articulation. If this was worship, surely it was the monster's own worship of itself. No God were better than one to whom such were fitting words of prayer. What passed in the man's soul God forbid I should judge: I speak but of the words that reached the ears of men.

And over all the vast of London lay the monster, filling it like the night—not in churches and chapels only—in almost all theatres and most houses—most of all in rich houses: everywhere he had a foot, a tail, a tentacle or two—everywhere suckers that drew the life-blood from the sickening and somnolent soul.

When the deacon—a little brown man, about five and thirty—had ended his prayer, he read another hymn of the same sort—one of such as form the bulk of most collections, and then looked meaningly at Mr. Graham, whom he had seen in the chapel on Sunday with his brother deacon, and therefore judged one of consequence, who had come to the meeting with an object, and ought to be propitiated: he had intended speaking himself. After having thus for a moment regarded him, "Would you favor us with a word of exhortation, sir?" he said in a stage-like whisper.

Now the monster had by this time insinuated a hair-like sucker into the heart of the schoolmaster, and was busy. But at the word, as the Red-cross Knight when he heard Orgoglio in the wood staggered to meet him, he rose at once, and, although his umbrella slipped and fell with a loud discomposing clatter, calmly approached the reading-desk. To look at his outer man, this knight of the truth might have been the very high priest of the monster, which, while he was sitting there, had been twisting his slimy, semi-electric, benumbing tendrils around his heart. His business was nevertheless to fight him, though to fight him in his own heart and that of other people at one and the same moment he might well find hard work. And the loathly worm had this advantage over the knight, that it was the first time he had stood up to speak in public since his failure thirty years ago. That hour again for a moment overshadowed his spirit. It was a wavy harvest morning in a village of the north. A golden wind was blowing, and little white clouds flying aloft in the sunny blue. The church was full of well-known faces, upturned, listen-

ing, expectant, critical. The hour vanished in a slow mist of abject misery and shame. But had he not learned to rejoice over all dead hopes and write *Te Deums* on their coffin-lids? And now he stood in dim light, in the vapor from damp garments, in dinginess and ugliness, with a sense of spiritual squalor and destitution in his very soul. He had tried to pray his own prayer while the deacon prayed his, but there had come to him no reviving, no message for this handful of dull souls—there were nine of them in all—and his own soul crouched hard and dull within his bosom. How to give them one deeper breath? How to make them know they were alive? Whence was his aid to come?

His aid was nearer than he knew. There were no hills to which he could lift his eyes, but help may hide in the valley as well as come down from the mountain, and he found his under the coal-scuttle bonnet of the woman that swept out and dusted the chapel. She was no interesting young widow. A life of labor and vanished children lay behind as well as before her. She was sixty years of age, seamed with the small-pox, and in every seam the dust and smoke of London had left a stain. She had a troubled eye, and a gaze that seemed to ask of the universe why it had given birth to her. But it was only her face that asked the question: her mind was too busy with the ever-recurring enigma, which, answered this week, was still an enigma for the next—how she was to pay her rent—too busy to have any other question to ask. Or would she not, rather, have gone to sleep altogether, under the dreary fascination of the slug monster, had she not had a severe landlady who *would* be paid punctually or turn her out? Anyhow, every time and all the time she sat in the chapel she was brooding over ways and means, calculating pence and shillings—the day's charring she had promised her, and the chances of more—mingling faint regrets over past indulgences—the extra half-pint of beer she drank on Saturday, the bit of cheese she bought on Monday. Of this face of care, revealing a spirit which Satan had bound, the schoolmaster caught sight—caught from its commonness, its grimness, its defeature, inspiration and uplifting, for there he beheld the oppressed, down-trodden, mire-fouled humanity which the Man in whom he believed had loved because it was his Father's humanity divided into brothers, and had died straining to lift back to the bosom of that Father. Oh

tale of horror and dreary monstrosity, if it be such indeed as the bulk of its priests on the one hand and its enemies on the other represent it! Oh story of splendid fate, of infinite resurrection and uplifting, of sun and breeze, of organ-blasts and exultation, for the heart of every man and woman, whatsoever the bitterness of its cark or the weight of its care, if it be such as the Book itself has held it from age to age!

It was the mere humanity of the woman, I say, and nothing in her individuality of what is commonly called the interesting, that ministered to the breaking of the schoolmaster's trance. "*O ye of little faith!*" were the first words that flew from his lips—he knew not whether uttered concerning himself or the charwoman the more—and at once he fell to speaking of him who said the words, and of the people that came to him and heard him gladly—how this one, whom he described, must have felt, *Oh, if that be true!* how that one, whom also he described, must have said, *Now he means me!* and so laid bare the secrets of many hearts, until he had concluded all in the misery of being without a helper in the world, a prey to fear and selfishness and dismay. Then he told them how the Lord pledged himself for all their needs—meat and drink and clothes for the body, and God and love and truth for the soul—if only they would put them in the right order and seek the best first.

Next he spoke a parable to them—of a house and a father and his children. The children would not do what their father told them, and therefore began to keep out of his sight. After a while they began to say to each other that he must have gone out, it was so long since they had seen him; only they never went to look. And again after a time some of them began to say to each other that they did not believe they had ever had any father. But there were some who dared not say that—who thought they had a father somewhere in the house, and yet crept about in misery, sometimes hungry and often cold, fancying he was not friendly to them, when all the time it was they who were not friendly to him, and said to themselves he would not give them anything. They never went to knock at his door, or call to know if he were inside and would speak to them. And all the time there he was sitting sorrowful, listening and listening for some little hand to come knocking, and some little voice to come gently calling through the keyhole; for sorely did he

long to take them to his bosom and give them everything. Only if he did that without their coming to him, they would not care for his love or him—would only care for the things he gave them, and soon would come to hate their brothers and sisters, and turn their own souls into hells and the earth into a charnel of murder.

Ere he ended he was pleading with the charwoman to seek her Father in his own room, tell him her troubles, do what he told her, and fear nothing. And while he spoke, lo! the dragon-slug had vanished; the ugly chapel was no longer the den of the hideous monster: it was but the dusky bottom of a glory-shaft, adown which gazed the stars of the coming resurrection.

"The whole trouble is that we won't let God help us," said the preacher, and sat down.

A prayer from the greengrocer followed, in which he did seem to be feeling after God a little; and then the ironmonger pronounced the benediction, and all went—among the rest Frederick Marshal, who had followed the schoolmaster, and now walked back with him to his father's, where he was to spend one night more.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PORTRAIT.

FLORIMEL had found her daring visit to Lenorme stranger and more fearful than she had expected: her courage was not quite so masterful as she had thought. The next day she got Mrs. Barnardiston to meet her at the studio. But she contrived to be there first by some minutes, and her friend found her seated and the painter looking as if he had fairly begun his morning's work. When she apologized for being late, Florimel said she supposed her groom had brought round the horses before his time: being ready, she had not looked at her watch. She was sharp on other people for telling stories, but had of late ceased to see any great harm in telling one to protect herself. The fact, however, had begun to present itself in those awful morning hours that seem a mingling of time and eternity, and she did not like the discovery that, since her intimacy with Lenorme, she had begun to tell lies: what would he say if he knew?

Malcolm found it dreary waiting in the street while she sat to the painter. He would not have minded it on Kelpie, for she was always occupation enough, but with only a couple of quiet horses to hold it was dreary. He took to scrutinizing the

faces that passed him, trying to understand them. To his surprise, he found that almost every one reminded him of somebody he had known before, though he could not always identify the likeness.

It was a pleasure to see his yacht lying so near him, and Davy on the deck, and to hear the blows of the hammer and the *swish* of the plane as the carpenter went on with the alterations to which he had set him; but he got tired of sharing in activity only with his ears and eyes. One thing he had by it, however, and that was a good lesson in quiescent waiting—a grand thing for any man, and most of all for those in whom the active is strong.

The next day Florimel did not ride until after lunch, but took her maid with her to the studio, and Malcolm had a long morning with Kelpie. Once again he passed the beautiful lady in Rotten Row, but Kelpie was behaving in a most exemplary manner, and he could not tell whether she even saw him. I believe she thought her lecture had done him good. The day after that Lord Liftore was able to ride, and for some days Florimel and he rode in the park before dinner, when, as Malcolm followed on the new horse, he had to see his lordship make love to his sister without being able to find the least colorable pretext of involuntary interference.

At length the parcel he had sent for from Lossie House arrived. He had explained to Mrs. Courthope what he wanted the things for, and she had made no difficulty of sending them to the address he gave her. Lenorme had already begun the portrait, had indeed been working at it very busily, and was now quite ready for him to sit. The early morning being the only time a groom could contrive to spare—and that involved yet earlier attention to his horses—they arranged that Malcolm should be at the study every day by seven o'clock until the painter's object was gained. So he mounted Kelpie at half past six of a fine breezy spring morning, rode across Hyde Park and down Grosvenor Place, and so reached Chelsea, where he put up his mare in Lenorme's stable—fortunately, large enough to admit of an empty stall between her and the painter's grand screw, else a battle frightful to relate might have fallen to my lot.

Nothing could have been more to Malcolm's mind than such a surpassing opportunity of learning with assurance what sort of man Lenorme was; and the relation that arose between them extended the sittings far beyond the number necessary for the object proposed. How the first of

them passed I must recount with some detail.

As soon as he arrived he was shown into the painter's bedroom, where lay the portmanteau he had carried thither himself the night before: out of it, with a strange mingling of pleasure and sadness, he now took the garments of his father's vanished state—the fillibeg of the dark tartan of his clan, in which green predominated; the French coat of black velvet of Genoa, with silver buttons; the bonnet, which ought to have had an eagle's feather, but had only an aigrette of diamonds; the black sporran of long goat's hair, with the silver clasp; the silver-mounted dirk, with its appendages, set all with pale cairngorms nearly as good as Oriental topazes; and the claymore of the renowned Andrew's forging, with its basket hilt of silver and its black, silver-mounted sheath. He handled each with the reverence of a son. Having dressed in them, he drew himself up with not a little of the Celt's pleasure in fine clothes, and walked into the painting-room. Lenorme started with admiration of his figure and wonder at the dignity of his carriage, while mingled with these feelings he was aware of an indescribable doubt—something to which he could give no name. He almost sprang at his palette and brushes; whether he succeeded with the likeness of the late marquis or not, it would be his own fault if he did not make a good picture. He painted eagerly and they talked little, and only about things indifferent.

At length the painter said, "Thank you! Now walk about the room while I spread a spadeful of paint: you must be tired standing."

Malcolm did as he was told, and walked straight up to the "Temple of Isis," in which the painter had now long been at work on the goddess. He recognized his sister at once, but a sudden pinch of prudence checked the exclamation that had almost burst from his lips. "What a beautiful picture!" he said. "What does it mean? Surely it is Hermione coming to life, and Leontes dying of joy. But no: that would not fit. They are both too young—and—"

"You read Shakespeare, I see," said Lenorme, "as well as Epictetus."

"I do—a good deal," answered Malcolm. "But please tell me what you painted this for."

Then Lenorme told him the parable of Novalis, and Malcolm saw what the poet meant. He stood staring at the picture, and Lenorme sat working away, but a

little anxious, he hardly knew why: had he bethought himself he would have put the picture out of sight before Malcolm came.

"You wouldn't be offended if I made a remark, would you, Mr. Lenorme?" said Malcolm at length.

"Certainly not," replied Lenorme, something afraid, nevertheless, of what might be coming.

"I don't know whether I can express what I mean," said Malcolm, "but I will try. I could do it better in Scotch, I believe, but then you wouldn't understand me."

"I think I should," said Lenorme. "I spent six months in Edinburgh once."

"Ow ay! but you see they dinna thrav the words there jist the same gait they du at Portlossie. Na, na! I maunna at-temp' it."

"Hold! hold!" cried Lenorme. "I want to have your criticism. I don't understand a word you are saying. You must make the best you can of the English."

"I was only telling you in Scotch that I wouldn't try the Scotch," returned Malcolm. "Now I will try the English. In the first place, then— but really it's very presumptuous of me, Mr. Lenorme; and it may be that I am blind to something in the picture——"

"Go on," said Lenorme, impatiently.

"Don't you think, then, that one of the first things you would look for in a goddess would be— what shall I call it?— an air of mystery?"

"That was so much involved in the very idea of Isis—in her especially—that they said she was always veiled, and no man had ever seen her face."

"That would greatly interfere with my notion of mystery," said Malcolm. "There must be revelation before mystery. I take it that mystery is what lies behind revelation—that which as yet revelation has not reached. You must see something—a part of something—before you can feel any sense of mystery about it. The Isis forever veiled is the absolutely unknown, not the mysterious."

"But, you observe, the idea of the parable is different. According to that, Isis is forever unveiling; that is, revealing herself in her works, chiefly in the women she creates, and then chiefly in each of them to the man who loves her."

"I see what you mean well enough; but not the less she remains the goddess, does she not?"

"Surely she does."

"And can a goddess ever reveal all she is and has?"

"Never."

"Then ought there not to be mystery in the face and form of your Isis on her pedestal?"

"Is it not there? Is there not mystery about the face and form of every woman that walks the earth?"

"Doubtless; but you desire—do you not?—to show that although this is the very lady the young man loved before ever he sought the shrine of the goddess, not the less is she the goddess Isis herself?"

"I do, or at least I ought; only—by Jove!—you have already looked deeper into the whole thing than I."

"There may be things to account for that on both sides," said Malcolm. "But one word more to relieve my brain: if you would embody the full meaning of the parable, you must not be content that the mystery is there: you must show in your painting that you feel it there; you must paint the invisible veil that no hand can lift, for there it is, and there it ever will be, though Isis herself raise it from morning to morning."

"How am I to do that?" said Lenorme, not that he did not see what Malcolm meant, or agree with it: he wanted to make him talk.

"How can I, who never drew a stroke or painted anything but the gunwale of a boat, tell you that?" rejoined Malcolm. "It is your business. You must paint that veil, that mystery, in the forehead and in the eyes and the lips—yes, in the cheeks and the chin and the eyebrows, and everywhere. You must make her say without saying it that she knows oh, so much, if only she could make you understand it!—that she is all there for you, but the all is infinitely more than you can know. As she stands there now——"

"I must interrupt you," cried Lenorme, "just to say that the picture is not finished yet."

"And yet I will finish my sentence if you will allow me," returned Malcolm. "As she stands there—the goddess—she looks only a beautiful young woman, with whom the young man spreading out his arms to her is very absolutely in love. There is the glow and the mystery of love in both their faces, and nothing more."

"And is not that enough?" said Lenorme.

"No," answered Malcolm. "And yet

it may be too much," he added, "if you are going to hang it up where people will see it."

As he said this he looked hard at the painter for a moment. The dark hue of Lenorme's cheek deepened, his brows lowered a little farther over the black wells of his eyes, and he painted on without answer. "By Jove!" he said at length.

"Don't swear, Mr. Lenorme," said Malcolm. "Besides, that's my Lord Liftore's oath. If *you* do, you will teach my lady to swear."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Lenorme, with offence plain enough in his tone.

Thereupon Malcolm told him how on one occasion, himself being present, the marquis her father happening to utter an imprecation, Lady Florimel took the first possible opportunity of using the very same words on her own account, much to the marquis's amusement and Malcolm's astonishment. But upon reflection he had come to see that she only wanted to cure her father of the bad habit.

The painter laughed heartily, but stopped all at once and said, "It's enough to make any fellow swear, though, to hear a—groom talk as you do about art."

"Have I the impudence? I didn't know it," said Malcolm, with some dismay. "I seemed to myself merely saying the obvious thing, the common sense, about the picture, on the ground of your own statement of your meaning in it. I am annoyed with myself if I have been talking of things I know nothing about."

"On the contrary, MacPhail, you are so entirely right in what you say that I cannot for the life of me understand where or how you can have got at it."

"Mr. Graham used to talk to me about everything."

"Well, but he was only a country schoolmaster."

"A good deal more than that, sir," said Malcolm solemnly. "He is a disciple of Him that knows everything. And, now I think of it, I do believe that what I've been saying about your picture I must have got from hearing him talk about the revelation, in which is included Isis herself, with her brother and all their train."

Lenorme held his peace. Malcolm had taken his place again unconsciously, and the painter was working hard and looking very thoughtful. Malcolm went again to the picture.

"Hillo!" cried Lenorme, looking up

and finding no object in the focus of his eyes.

Malcolm returned directly, "There was just one thing I wanted to see," he said—"whether the youth worshipping his goddess had come into her presence *clean*."

"And what is your impression of him?" half murmured Lenorme, without lifting his head.

"The one that's painted *there*," answered Malcolm, "does look as if he might know that the least a goddess may claim of a worshipper is that he should come into her presence pure enough to understand her purity. I came upon a fine phrase the other evening in your English Prayer-Book. I never looked into it before, but I found one lying on a book-stall, and it happened to open at the marriage-service. 'There, amongst other good things, the bridegroom says, 'With my body I thee worship.' 'That's grand!' I said to myself: 'that's as it should be. The man whose body does not worship the woman he weds should marry a harlot.' God bless Mr. William Shakespeare!—*he* knew that. I remember Mr. Graham telling me once, before I had read the play, that the critics condemn 'Measure for Measure' as failing in poetic justice. I know little about the critics, and care less, for a man who has to earn his bread, and feed his soul as well, has enough to do with the books themselves without what people say about them; and Mr. Graham would not tell me whether he thought the critics right or wrong: he wanted me to judge for myself. But when I came to read the play, I found, to my mind, a most absolute and splendid justice in it. They think, I suppose, that my lord Angelo should have been put to death. It just reveals the low breed of them: they think death the worst thing, therefore the greatest punishment. But Angelo prays for death, that it may hide him from his shame: it is too good for him, and he shall *not* have it. He must live to remove the shame from Mariana. And then see how Lucio is served!'"

While Malcolm talked, Lenorme went on painting diligently, listening and saying nothing. When he had thus ended a pause of some duration followed.

"A goddess has a right to claim that one thing—has she not, Mr. Lenorme?" said Malcolm at length, winding up a silent train of thought aloud.

"What thing?" asked Lenorme, still without lifting his head.

"Purity in the arms a man holds out to her," answered Malcolm.

"Certainly," replied Lenorme, with a sort of mechanical absoluteness.

"And according to your picture every woman whom a man loves is a goddess — the goddess of nature?"

"Certainly. But what *are* you driving at? I can't paint for you. There you stand," he went on, half angrily, "as if you were Socrates himself driving some poor Athenian nob into the corner of his deserts! I don't deserve any such insinuations, I would have you know."

"I am making none, sir. I dare never insinuate except I were prepared to charge. But I have told you I was bred up a fisher-lad, and partly among the fishers, to begin with, I half learned, half discovered, things that tended to give me what some would count severe notions: I count them common sense. Then, as you know, I went into service, and in that position it is easy enough to gather that many people hold very loose and very nasty notions about some things; so I just wanted to see how you felt about such. If I had a sister now, and saw a man coming to woo her all beclotted with puddle-filth, or if I knew that he had just left some woman as good as she crying eyes and heart out over his child, I don't know that I could keep my hands off him — at least if I feared she might take him. What do you think now? Mightn't it be a righteous thing to throttle the scum and be hanged for it?"

"Well," said Lenorme, "I don't know why I should justify myself, especially where no charge is made, MacPhail — and I don't know why to you any more than another man — but at this moment I am weak or egotistic or sympathetic enough to wish you to understand that, so far as the poor matter of one virtue goes, I might without remorse act Sir Galahad in a play."

"Now you are beyond me," said Malcolm. "I don't know what you mean."

So Lenorme had to tell him the old armoric tale which Tennyson has since rendered so lovelily, for, amongst artists at least, he was one of the earlier burrowers in the British legends. And as he told it, in a half-sullen kind of way, the heart of the young marquis glowed within him, and he vowed to himself that Lenorme and no other should marry his sister. But, lest he should reveal more emotion than the obvious occasion justified, he restrained speech, and again silence fell, during which Lenorme was painting furiously.

"Confound it!" he cried at last, and sprang to his feet, but without taking his eyes from his picture. "What have I been doing all this time but making a portrait of you, MacPhail, and forgetting what you were there for! And yet," he went on, hesitating and catching up the miniature, "I *have* got a certain likeness! Yes, it must be so, for I see in it also a certain look of Lady Lossie. Well, I suppose a man can't altogether help what he paints any more than what he dreams. — That will do for this morning, anyhow, I think, MacPhail. Make haste and put on your own clothes, and come into the next room to breakfast. You must be tired with standing so long."

"It *is* about the hardest work I ever tried," answered Malcolm, "but I doubt if I am as tired as Kelpie. I've been listening for the last half hour to hear the stalls flying."

From Fraser's Magazine.

FIELDS AND FIELD SPORTS IN MADRAS.

THE presidency of Madras contained within the long angle of the peninsula is divided, exclusive of native states, into twenty districts, analogous in size and importance rather to French departments, or the English kingdoms of Saxon times, than counties. Most of them fringe the eastern and western seaboard, but three or four occupy the interior between the Madras and Malabar coasts, abutting at no point upon the sea. They would be accounted considerable states in Europe; Coimbatore and Salem amongst them, for example, each comprising more than eight thousand square miles. Broad undulating plains, far-stretching alternations of upland and hollow, characterize their surface; and though mountain masses and long ranges rise up here and there, and generally close up the horizon, and hills, single or in clusters, are dotted like islands over the great champaign, the general aspect of a level country is maintained, and the Great Peninsular Railway runs across from sea to sea, four hundred miles, without a single tunnel.

In these inland districts the old country life of India has been least changed, and the primitive gods survive undisturbed. The plains, like moorlands at home, usually lie high, and extend for miles, their rugged surface strewn with stones and disjointed rock; a low yellow-flowered bush grows here and there, and a thin

covering of coarse grass gives a green tinge during the rains, but a sere and wan appearance during most of the year. The higher undulations are often crested with rocky spires and dislocated granite ridges; and occasionally long dykes of black serpentine, or veins of milk-white quartz, may be traced following the dip of the strata, sometimes ceasing, then again cropping out, for long distances. Stony water-courses wind on all sides towards the lower levels, and here and there is met a rocky flat, riddled with hollows, sometimes of considerable depth, in which rain-water lies long, even in the hot months, enabling a long-thorned bush or two, or even a low tree, to sustain themselves in a favorable crevice. Now and then such a bush may be met with covered with bits of rag, denoting that some sick wayfarer there sank down and died, to soothe whose angry ghost each passer-by leaves an offering of a scrap. The gaunt goats and cattle scattered over the waste gather round the water-hollows in the evening before straggling in long files to the villages on the skirts of the plain, driven by the lean lads, who, perched on rocky piles, have watched them all the day—dusky Damce-tases and Corydons much given to piping on quaint earthen flutes, but with chants and voices unmusical to Western ears. There is little other motion of life on the desolate expanse. Pale grey harrier hawks and chestnut-colored kestrels may often be seen gliding a few feet above the ground, steadily beating and quartering it, and from time to time balancing with outspread tail and vibrating wings over some small quarry, now dropping down suddenly and noiselessly, now resuming flight. Herds of antelope watch any chance passers along the rough tracks, that here and there cross the plains, with heads and eyes all turned towards the intruders, ready to disperse with light bounds at any suspicious motion; and occasionally on the more lonely tracts is a troop of the magnificent Indian bustard, looking in the distance quite like human figures—for the cock bird when alarmed and drawn up stands fully five feet high, and its white neck and olive-brown plumage, beautifully pencilled and flecked with black lines and shadings, give it much the semblance of a white-turbaned native.

The skirts of these arid plains sink gradually into lower-lying levels, and cleared and ploughed patches begin to denote the presence of cultivable soil, here, however, but poor and shallow, a mere sprinkling over rock, scratched up

with the immemorial plough of the country, which is but a curved and sharpened stake. Only one crop of quick-growing grain can be won yearly from these meagre plots, and but little labor is bestowed on them. Lower still the soil becomes richer, redder, and deeper, and the fields are inclosed by strong quickset hedges, not unlike blackthorn, and trees are not unfrequent. Some of the fields bear crops of various local grains and growths, some are devoted to pasture. The milch cattle, though small, are sleek and shapely, and give a fair amount of good milk for half the year; they are very nimble and unruly, difficult to keep out of grain-fields, however securely fenced; their value has so much risen of late years that in localities supposed to breed them best, it is found more profitable to devote land to pasture than to cultivation. The sheep are the best in India, short-bodied and small-tailed, producing excellent mutton; their wool is thick and curly, generally white, with black heads, sometimes wholly black; a sort of blanket of capital quality, used by all classes of natives, is made of it. Proprietors of flocks make much profit by folding them on arable lands, the owners of which pay a fee for the manure. Still farther beyond on the lowest level foliage becomes thicker, fields still more carefully inclosed bearing far heavier crops watered from large wells; and before long tiled or thatched roofs, appearing over the fences under wide-armed trees, give notice of a village. The fertile bottom extends around sometimes for long breadths, oftener restricted to less than a mile, and then begins to ascend gradually, and merges again in parched, high-lying barren plains; and so on for long leagues on all sides.

Enough has been written of rajahs and Indian chiefs, their pearls and gold, and eastern gorgeoussness. Who has not read of spearing the grim-tusked boar, or slaying the execrated man-eating tiger? A glance may be given at the humble tillers of the soil, their fields, crops, and ways of cultivation, and also, perhaps, at those less exciting field sports which in such scenes replace for Anglo-Indians those followed over autumn stubbles and heather at home. We are encamped out in a wide open country; there is much business to be attended to during the long sultry day, and no better preparation for it than brisk exercise for the first hours after dawn. It is towards the end of the year, when crops are ripening fast. In the early morning dusk, whilst cocks

are crowing and birds twittering in the shadows, we mount a pony and ride out sharply a mile or two to a spot where gun-bearers, and some boys and beaters in charge of half a dozen dogs, spaniels, terriers, and half-breeds, have preceded us. Night still seems to linger under the trees, and the strong sickly-sweet odors of creepers in the hedges, and of some flowering trees that diffuse their perfume during darkness, are still floating in the air. Arrived at the trysting spot we dismount and assume the gun. We are on a wide cultivated upland, sloping gently into fertile bottoms, and in the distance may be seen the bare whitening skirts of the parched maidān.

Indian agriculture in the South is roughly divided into "wet" and "dry," the former consisting of rice cultivation only. People unacquainted with the East are apt to imagine that rice is the prevalent cultivation and food of the population, but this is far from being the case. Rice is rather what white bread is in Scotland and Ireland, not the general food, but rather an occasional luxury; although the same perverse fashion which makes the whitest bread at home preferred to the more nutritious brown, leads all classes in Asia to esteem rice more highly than any other cereal, though containing much the least nutriment of all. When, too, it is considered that rice can grow only in water, and therefore on levels where water can be supplied with certainty for some months, it will be obvious that in a country of very irregular surface the area capable of being so irrigated must be very limited. Thus in the district of Coimbatore, for instance, out of nearly a million and a half acres of cultivated land there are little more than seventy thousand acres producing rice; necessarily then the latter must be the food of a minority. In a delta region, like Tanjore, or a great river valley, such as that of the Ganges, the proportions are different, yet insignificant in the total area of the country. Still, poor food though it be, rice supports its millions, more probably than any other grain, and albeit such races are ever deficient in pith and manhood, and "wet" villages in India ever the abode of Brahmans, and centres of intrigue and roguery, as revenue officials well know, most beautiful, delightful, and refreshing to look upon is a wide stretch of rice cultivation—how refreshing none can tell who have not seen the network of tender green plots, separated by ridges of darker grass, lying set amid brown or yel-

low sunburnt uplands, with troops of snow-white paddy-birds flying about or standing knee-deep in the grain.

"Dry" villages are occupied chiefly by non-Brahmanical classes, foremost amongst whom are the Valālas, the hereditary cultivators and yeomanry of the land, a sturdy simple race, born, as themselves say, to cultivate the soil, and content generation after generation to pass laborious lives with hand upon the plough. Fortunate, perhaps, in knowing their own good; for if the earth is not always most just, nor always pours forth too easy returns, yet anxieties of ambition or commerce lie beyond their sphere, and wars sweep by and leave them as before amid their fields and cattle, with sleep at will beneath their trees. They are remarkably abstemious, eating no flesh, and strictly eschewing intoxicating liquors; their food consists almost entirely of "dry" grains and pulses, and yet withal they are strong and well filled out, often tall and muscular, in favorable contrast to the sparer rice-eating castes. One marriage-custom, more barbarous than Arcadian, prevails amongst them, strongly opposed to all Brahmanical ideas, namely, marrying very young boys to grown women; the reason assigned is that there may be an additional working member—important in an agricultural family; but the results are morally incongruous, for the boy's father supplants the bridegroom, who when he grows up finds a family already provided for him, and in his turn follows the custom of the country. It is remarkable that this practice, with the same object, and too often the same result, is reported to obtain in Russian village communities, where, it is said, a strapping woman may be frequently seen carrying her baby husband in her arms! Still general dissoluteness of morals must by no means be inferred in either case; the Valālas are exceptionally steady and averse to crime.

The condition of the ryots or cultivators has been greatly improved during the last thirty years. Unwise restrictions have been done away, and every man so long as he pays the assessment, moderately calculated, upon his holding, cannot be turned off; neither can it be raised even should he make improvements, which become his own; and he can sell or sub-let the land, which is indeed virtually his. Hence every cultivator knows exactly his position, what he may venture, and what expect. "Dry" cultivation is so called because carried on by aid of rain only; when a field is so situated as

to admit of being watered from a well or tank, it becomes a "garden," producing besides grains sugarcane, tobacco, bananas, and other valuable crops. Such gardens are the mainstay of a district, especially in times of drought, when the earth's surface is baked red and glowing with fervent heat.

As an English summer landscape is diversified with fields of wheat, barley, beans, peas, vetch, etc., so Indian uplands and hollows are covered in the later months with growths and grains of many names and aspects, mostly of the millet kind, and generally lofty and luxuriant, as befits a land of the sun; when grown in gardens the crops are still more tall and heavy. We are passing by a three or four acre piece of *kumboo*, or spiked millet (*Penicillaria spicata*), a noble grain, rising a man's height on good soil, bearing a spike-shaped head, six to nine inches long, somewhat like a bulrush-head but more pointed, all close-set with small round grains covered with purple downy bloom.

This fine millet, five per cent. more nutritious than rice, is a favorite crop and grown extensively; acres of it are waving all round in the morning breeze with low stately undulations. Next to this comes a plot of *gram* (*Dolichos biflorus*), a low close-growing vetch-like pulse, homely but most useful, replacing corn for horses in India, and a general food for all cattle; its dark-green growth often alternates with the lighter-colored bluish-green Bengal gram, commonly called *chenna*, a more delicate variety. Adjoining this is a field of Italian millet, more familiar to us hanging in bunches in bird-dealers' shops, those dry yellow ears, however, giving little idea of the green drooping beauty of the growing grain. This is often accompanied by an allied species, called by the natives *shamay* (*Panicum miliare*), growing about the height of barley, its long plume-like panicle bowing beautifully with the weight of the grain. Then succeeds a field of multifarious mixed cultivation, first perhaps a breadth of tall broad-leaved castor-oil plants, familiar now in England in "sub-tropical" gardens, then a dozen rows of sticks up which clamber varieties of many-colored beans, next some lines of flax-plants, somewhat like yellow-flowered hollyhocks, mixed with a few straggling red-headed plants of the cockscomb kind, used for flavoring pottage; and following these a patch of low broom-like yellow-flowered bushes bearing pods producing a fine clear oil.

We pass by a narrow path through all

this varied cultivation—the upper and poorer plots are mostly open, the lower generally inclosed with hedges of prickly pear—till we arrive at a large piece of *kumboo* that has been recently reaped; that is, the ears have been cut off with a small sickle-like knife, leaving the tall stalks, which will afterwards be pulled up by the roots, so loosening the ground, and used for thatch or fodder. By this is a small extent of waste stony ground bearing only a few scattered thorn-bushes; here we take our stand, while on the farther side of the reaped field the dogs are loosened and the beaters advance towards us shouting and clapping their hands. As they approach a yelping amongst the dogs announces something afoot, and presently a hare darts out across the open and is forthwith rolled over. The Indian species is mouse-colored, with a black velvet patch behind the ears, and inferior to the English in size and flavor, but acceptable where variety for the table is limited. Quickly following this four or five grey partridges whirr upwards from a corner; they are stronger in flight and more difficult to hit than the English, which they much resemble; only one falls to the gun. Two or three more hares are started, but escape in contrary directions out of sight.

We pass thence through a gap in a tall hedge of milk-bush (*Euphorbia tirucalle*) characteristic of these regions; a growth of green leafless shoots, growing one from the other, and branching into thick masses, brittle and exuding copiously a milk-like blistering juice. No cattle will touch it, and it grows rapidly on the poorest soil from branches stuck in. Old stocks are often as thick as a man's arm, and rise twenty feet high; on open plains villages are often surrounded with a lofty ring of it, concealing all the houses within, and serving as a green rampart against prowling foes human or four-footed, and against the furious winds that sweep the plains in the monsoon. Passing the gap we enter a field of cotton of the American kind, now much cultivated; the bushes, trimmed so as to spread rather than rise, straggle low over the ground, and their reddish flowers are turning into round green bolls, some of which—for all stages may be seen on the same bush—are bursting and displaying the pure white tufts and filaments within; a beat amongst the bushes starts some hares, most of which steal away unseen through the bushes, and another covey of partridges that have, however, run to the farther end, and only rise at the hedge. At the bottom of the field we come

upon a *nullah*, or watercourse, a dozen yards wide; five or six times in the year a roaring torrent rushes along its bed, otherwise utterly dry, and its rough broken sides are filled with stunted bushes and long withered grass. A nullah like this is a sure find, and we walk beside it, the dogs and beaters a little behind. Soon a hare scuds out, a partridge whirrs swiftly up, and now and then a bevy of nearly a score quail rise up together from a single corner with startling suddenness, and scatter on all sides in a very baffling manner. The nullah traverses several more fields of different growths, and we follow it with varying success. At last it leaves them and becomes a narrow lane hollowed through deeper soil, and bordered on each side by high thick hedges of thorns, prickly pear, and milk-plant intermixed. Formidable fences these, even to the clad and booted, much more to natives bare of limb and foot! Skirting these spiny barriers, we discern on one side a narrow entrance between two ancient stems of milk-bush, guarded by a wattle door of woven thorns. Unhitching this we enter a garden field of two or three acres; its area has been levelled where uneven by digging out the soil and throwing it on to the hedge banks, that are much raised thereby; water is thus freely conducted over the surface, which is divided into large compartments, that can be filled one by one from shallow intersecting channels. The garden bears a fine crop of *rāgi* (*Eleusine coracana*), the most nutritious and favorite of all dry grains, not excepting wheat; it is close-growing, short-strawed, and bears a head dividing into from four to six curved spikes, two or three inches long, filled with small round seeds, which will keep ten years in dry pits. We cross the garden along the fresh grassy bank of the main channel, still wet with the recent current, and pass through another thorny wicket into a larger field of abounding luxuriance. Here in close rustling array grows the largest and tallest of native cereals, *cholum* or great millet (*Sorghum vulgare*), the most useful and, next to *rāgi*, the most nourishing;* the thick polished stems

rise ten feet high on watered soil, bearing large swelling heads of clustering hard round seeds, the size of peppercorns, red, white, or glossy black; for there are three varieties. Sixtyfold is no uncommon return; and a field of this noble millet is beautiful to behold, the lofty shining stems hung with long green leaves, and the multitudinous heads, too strong to wave, quivering and whispering with an *ἀνθηροῦμον γέλασμα* pleasant to eye and ear. African travellers report this widely extended grain as abundantly grown in negro countries, where an intoxicating beer is largely brewed from it; but this one of its many uses seems quite unknown in India. Proceeding on under the cool shade of this giant crop, we come to the well, the cause and means of this luxuriance.

No rural feature in the East is more delightful than a great garden well. Square and spacious, twenty or thirty feet wide, the perpendicular sides are often dug as deep, for two-thirds of the distance through solid rock, till water be found. The excavated earth and stone are piled up on one side of the well into a mound, the inner side plumb with that of the well, the outer sloping down into the garden. On the crest of the mound a couple of strong posts are planted three feet or so apart; between them at the bottom a good-sized wooden pulley-wheel is fixed, and a smaller between their tops. At the foot a large trough, usually hollowed from a tree, conducts to a channel carried along a raised bank, sloping gradually from the mound far into the field, and in front of the pulley-supports a paved track is laid at a sharp descent down the mound. This is the bullock walk, and up and down it move the bullocks that raise the water from below. A long leathern bag or bucket, tapering almost to a point, is sewn at the mouth to an oblong iron frame fastened to a strong rope running over the lower pulley, and a cord attached to the end of the bag passes over the upper wheel. The rope, usually of twisted hide, must needs be long, as the water is often twenty-five or thirty feet below the top of the mound; one end is harnessed to a couple of bullocks, the bucket and frame at the other are dropped splashing into the water, and the bullocks move briskly down the inclined plane; as they go, the long dark leathern bag emerges distended, spouting water at twenty crevices, and ascends to the top

eaten as porridge, or more generally fried or baked into cakes, scones, etc.

* Analysis of some of the food-grains of India, showing their respective percentages of life-sustaining compounds.

Grains	Nitrogenous Ingredients	Non-nitrogenous Ingredients	Inorganic Ingredients
Rāgi . . .	18.12 . .	80.25 . .	1.03
Cholum . .	15.53 . .	83.67 . .	1.26
Kumboo . .	13.92 . .	83.27 . .	.73
Wheat . . .	14.45 . .	83.15 . .	2.4
Rice . . .	9.08 . .	89.08 . .	0.47

"Dry grains" are ground, made into paste, and

of the mound; the driver pulls the upper cord which lifts the tail of the bag, and as the open iron mouth reaches the trough it pours forth the water down trough and channel into the garden, whence it is led from plot to plot till all are watered, and when abundant conducted into the adjoining gardens. Immediately the water is emptied, the bullocks shuffle quickly *backwards* up the slope, and down goes the dripping bucket into the water, soon mounting again and sending another gush down the channel, and so the work goes on for several hours, a bucket bringing up from thirty to thirty-five gallons about once a minute.

A *neem* tree grows beside the well, stretching its light green foliage and bunches of olive-like berries over the water; from the tips of its branches hang several of the long, beautiful nests of the weaver-bird, whose brown, yellow-breasted inhabitants are continually flitting in and out of the pendant entrance-tubes in security from all enemies, and at its foot are placed four or five splinters of stone, streaked with red and white paint. A few flowers are laid before this rude shrine of rustic divinities. We pause a while under the shade, for the sun is now high and hot, and watch the great bucket-bag descend with a splash and mount streaming up; tufts of fern and long grass cling to that side of the well fed by the continual moisture, and low bushes lean over round its rim. Such sights are grateful in a tropical land, and pleasant the dash and gurgle at each discharge of the bucket, and the ripple of the hurrying lymph as it struggles down the slanting watercourse, along which, here and there, an oleander bush displays its richly-scented red or white flowers, whilst the humped bullocks ply their task, backwards and forwards, with meek eyes and faces intelligently responsive to the driver, who hesitates not to address them volubly in long speeches of encouragement or remonstrance.

Leaving the well, we pass into the village hard by, one of ordinary size, containing perhaps forty or fifty houses, built on an irregular piece of land over which the dry limestone rock crops up, useless for cultivation and overgrown with a tall plant* bearing broad bluish-green leaves and large pods filled with silky fibres, that covers waste places, like docks at home. There is a small street of low windowless houses, thatched or tiled, a strong wooden door in the middle of each, and on either

side of it a divan-like seat runs along under the broad impending eaves, curving up at the ends couch-fashion. This outside verandah, which is the family gathering-place and drawing-room, is whitewashed and banded with red, as are all the walls. Beyond the street the abodes of the lower castes lie dispersed—here a cluster of round peak-roofed huts, there some better dwellings with small inclosed yards, in which grow a cocoanut-tree or two; the whole surrounded with a rough stone wall whitewashed and red-striped, as are also the tree-trunks. Somewhat apart a few weavers are plying their craft; the strong cloths, some twenty-two yards long, on which they are employed are stretched upon supports under a line of flowering trees planted for the purpose, and they pace rapidly up and down these primitive looms, shuttle in hand: their trade is much diminished since their fabrics, made to wear, have been supplanted by floods of the cheaper English, made to sell. Somewhere in or near the village a big old banyan or peepul tree will be seen rising from the middle of a square stone-built platform, as usual striped white and red; here gather the elders to settle disputes and questions of caste, and not far off will be the village temple, a small sacellum, solidly built of small red bricks, little ornamented, and devoted to one of the saktis, or malignant forms of the wife of Siva, a deity and worship doubtless of aboriginal descent, adopted by the Brahmans into their mythology to increase their influence. By its steps are placed two or three snake-stones—time-worn granite blocks bearing a cobra rudely sculptured in relief on one side, in an upright posture, with folds disposed right and left, sometimes having one, sometimes five heads, the hoods always expanded: occasionally a woman's bust ends Melusina-like in serpent-coils. Everywhere over the country, at the foot of trees, placed before or ranged round the walls of temples, these stones are met with, generally blurred and mouldered with age; some have regarded them as the oldest sculptures in India, relics of primitive snake-worshipping races. They have no priests now, nor do men regard them much, though a mysterious awe invests them, and none will point at them lest the hand should rot; but women, especially those who long for children, worship them with offerings of flowers and libations of oil. Meanwhile women and girls in dark blue or red garments, adjusted in true ancient Greek style, with round jars poised on their heads, are passing and repassing

* *Calotropis gigantea*.

to and from the well just below the village, one of the great square wells already described, half of it, with the bullock-walk and water-raising apparatus, fenced off by strong hedges running up to each side, and half within the village ground for public use. From one corner a narrow flight of steps is cut down its side to the water by which the women descend to fill their jars. Files of other women, bearing baskets of grain or vegetables, are starting for the neighboring market, and massive carts are creaking by, some drawn by grim black buffaloes, some by the tall white bullocks bred in jungles by the Cavéry stream.

From the village we pass by a very narrow lane, worn so deep and hollow by the constant passage of cattle that the hedges almost meet above; this soon opens on the lowest level of the surrounding watershed, where on each side of the dry bed of a wide sandy nullah lie several acres of flat spongy soil better fitted for pasture than cultivation. At this season it is covered with long harsh grass, with here and there spaces of a fresh, delicate kind growing closely, knee-deep. A few mimosa bushes, beset with pale slender thorns three or four inches long, and bearing clusters of yellow, or white and red, woolly blossoms, haunted by green-mailed beetles and huge black-bees, are scattered about like hawthorns in English meadows, and an incessant chirping and shrilling fill the air from multitudes of locusts and grasshoppers that rise at every step. Here we may expect to meet with the choice game-bird of the country, the florikin (*Sypheotides auritus*). It is of the bustard family, nearly the size of a hen, the plumage beautifully mottled and barred with dark and light shades of brown and black, the male sometimes wholly black; the chin is white, and there are two or three white feathers in the wings. The male, too, is distinguished by a tuft over each ear three or four inches long of three bare-shafted feathers ending in small oval webs. Its chief food is grasshoppers, and it is often difficult to flush, running long distances through the grass or lying so close as to allow being stepped over without rising; its flesh is held to be the most delicate and best-flavored of all Indian game-birds. Choosing a large open space of grass, we advance in a line with beaters on either side and dogs working in front, invisible in the tall growth; presently there is a dash and whimper, and up flies the expected game, a satisfactory shot; and whilst reloading, another springs up and mounting high flies fast away. But

this delicate quarry is prized by other foes than the sportsman, and a probable cause of its scarcity and lurking habits is the pertinacity with which hunting hawks will quarter ground like this with keen downward glance that discerns the least movement in deepest herbage. As the florikin is speeding away, a chestnut-headed, grey-backed merlin dashes arrow-like from behind a tree and swoops upon it. Eluding the attack by a hair's-breadth the bird dives swiftly into thick grass, and the hawk, recovering itself with light upward sweep, would have followed but for our advance. Though marking exactly the spot, we traverse it again and again, but the frightened bird will not rise, till at last it flutters up from the very jaws of a dog. We proceed to beat the remaining ground, and bag another brace, which is fair success in these districts, where florikins are scarce, though plentiful farther north. Whilst beating, an agitation amongst the dogs indicates a danger hardly known to sportsmen at home. Two or three, with raised ears and uneasy yelp, are surrounding some object in the group; we approach, and see a large cobra, with head erect and thrown back, swaying to and fro as a dog comes too near, and as we come up the grim spectacled head expands and a fierce hiss is heard—signs of instant attack, only prevented by a charge of shot. It seems much distended, and after some hesitation and mutterings of "The good snake!" (for so the natives commonly designate the cobra, and rather scruple to molest it, and should they kill one frequently beg its pardon) one of the beaters slits it up, and discloses inside another snake, almost half its own size, apparently not long swallowed.

We now approach a large well, furnished with a double bullock-walk and bucket-apparatus; the water is near the surface, deep, and enough to irrigate a dozen or fifteen acres of rice land, a little oasis of wet cultivation amongst the prevailing dry. Most of the paddy-plots have been recently cut, leaving the short stubble on the still wet soil; this is just what snipe delight in, and at the first step on the oozy ground, with the soft familiar cry up glances the favorite dark-brown white-breasted bird, and as it falls another rises and drops to the second barrel; and as we move on they spring up thickly, some darting away down the wind, some alighting again, but generally wild and difficult. So we go over the ground, bagging some, missing perhaps more, till at the last corner the sudden and simultaneous uprising of a

dozen ends the sport, leaving us in loud wonderment why nothing fell to the second barrel, though with a secret conviction that the flurry had led to firing under them. Snipe-shooting here replaces the grouse-moors and well-preserved stubbles at home. In the great irrigated tracts the birds often swarm from October to March, and men whose eye and hand act well together find great sport. Enthusiasts will follow it up for a long tropical day, with feet in cold water and a burning sun darting down upon the head, intent upon bagging their hundred birds. Good shots often accomplish this, but in our opinion at an unwise risk, though the birds are less wild and lie closer in the midday heat. Many a disordered liver and dangerous fever or dysentery may be traced to a day's sniping and a bag of fifty brace.

Here our morning shooting ends. It is past eight o'clock, and the sun smites fiercely; we have walked some five or six miles since he first showed his flaming rim over the low eastern horizon, and we reckon a bag of a leash of hares, two brace partridges, ditto florikin, three brace quail, and four ditto snipe. The pony, that by circuits and dexterous squeezing through gaps has accompanied our course, is now brought up; we mount, and ride sharply along narrow labyrinthine lanes, between thick thorny hedges twisting amongst the gardens and inclosed fields, sometimes deep and hollow, sometimes raised upon earth excavated from gardens on each side. We pass fields of diversified cultivation, from the towering *cholum* to the lowly *gram*, now and then catching glimpses of the white bullocks moving up and down their walk, and hear the cry of the driver and the splash and rattle of the bucket.

At one spot, where three lanes meet, a weird goblin-like troop opens on our sight. In a corner, backed by a high dark hedge, fenced off by a low line of prickly pear, there is grouped an assemblage of grotesquely hideous figures. In front stands a row of horses, nearly life-size, rudely formed of pottery, painted in staring colors. Most are white, some pied, with comparisons and housings of pottery-work, colored brightly. Three or four bear riders grasping weapons, with yellow faces, grinning teeth, thick black moustaches, eyebrows, and hair, and belts, necklaces, and ornaments in gaudy hues. Behind this uncouth cavalry are ranged some colossal figures eight or ten feet high, of the same material, decked in the same style with various insignia, fillets or tiaras on their heads and horrible countenances.

There are also two or three elephants, less than life, with tusks and housings, all in colored pottery. These nightmare-like figures are in all stages of decay; some blackened by time and weather, with limbs broken and great rents in their hollow bodies; others entire, but faded, and two or three new and staring with fresh paint. All are placatory offerings to local demons and evil spirits, who really receive the larger share of popular worship. Numerous they are and many-named, all male, but equally malignant with those female deities who occupy most village temples and are resolvable into some form of the wife or *sakti* of Siva. These male demons of aboriginal superstition are not recognized by the Brahmins, except as servants of their gods, and no Brahmin assists at their rites; their office is to plague human kind; they inflict diseases on men and cattle, and bring on evil and misfortune. In cases of obstinate sickness, long-continued ill-fortune, frequent death of children, or murrain amongst cattle, a vow will be made to set up one of these images of potter's work to the demon suspected of causing the visitation. Moreover, any one who meets with an unnatural death, by accident or violence, is regarded as likely to become a demon of peculiar malignity, and so after death is any notoriously wicked person; the decrease of such a character will strike a whole neighborhood with terror, as he is sure to become a most dangerous demon. We remember a remarkable instance of appeasing even in anticipation. A man of very bad repute cruelly murdered his wife; he was tried, but escaped through some defect of evidence, but the unhappy woman at once became, to the popular mind, a personification of unsatiated vengeance. An image was set up to her, and, strange to say, one of her still living husband was placed by her side! So universal is the idea that a soul suddenly cut off—

No reckoning made, but sent to its account
With all its imperfections on its head—

will be perturbed and restless, with a longing for revenge.

To all such dreaded beings, whether aboriginal demons or angry human spirits, these huge grim pottery images are set up, sometimes in the inclosures of temples, sometimes in haunted nooks like this. Behind the grotesque troop described above, there is a small decaying brick structure, shaped somewhat like a dog-kennel, and not much bigger, at the foot of an umbrella-headed thorn-tree; within

it may be seen a stone splinter, tipped with red, and a few flowers strewn before. A legend runs that, many years ago, a herdsman was driving his cattle home along the lanes in the dusk of the evening; when passing the spot where the three ways met, he observed a pilgrim with staff and rosary of large rough beads sitting on a stone in a corner; the boy was carrying a chaplet of flowers he had been twining, and carelessly asked the stranger where he should offer it. The other pointed to a lingam stone under a tree beside him; the boy stooped to place it there, and on looking up found the pilgrim had disappeared. He told the story to the villagers, who coming there and finding the stone, which no one noticed before, concluded there had been a vision of Siva, built a little shrine for the stone, and have resorted there since to worship; consequently, too, the spot has been considered suitable for these dedicatory pot-ware figures. It is curious how popular beliefs take similar lines and manifestations in widely separated lands and ages. Visions seen by peasants draw vast pilgrimages in European countries, and are represented by groups of figures placed in churches, and in numerous churches offerings are hung up, as of old to the sea-god, for deliverance from peril or sickness. So, too, Parvati, the grim and merciless spouse of Siva, worshipped to-day throughout India in many forms, all hideous and blood-stained, the mistress of disease and death, haunting mountain-caves and cemeteries with her retinue of ghosts, is evidently the same as "the triple Hecate," the queen of witchcrafts and "close contriver of all harms," classically as well as mediævally; and she again one with the Ishtar of the Babylonian tablets, the ruthless poisoner and destroyer of her worshippers, whose attendants were Sickness and Famine.

Urging the pony, that seemed inclined to swerve, past the fantastic company of clay monstrosities, we ride on apace; and soon the ground begins to rise, the lane becomes rough and stony, the hedges dwindle and we emerge on to the open plain, bathed in a shimmering glare under the intense sunshine, and crossed by a white track, which we must follow. No living thing is visible save a couple of jackals moving leisurely along, which break into a long gallop as we approach; the free air meets us refreshingly, and as we dip into a wide hollow a multitude of large quaint-looking stones, disposed in an unwonted manner, meet our view. It is a city of cairns scattered over a space of

many acres. As in Europe, these tombs of an unknown race stand amidst living populations, utterly remote and disconnected from all present associations, and are numerous in many spots of these districts. We diverge from the track and pass through them, noting that, while in strict antiquarian language they would be termed *kistvaens*, they seem to comprise almost every variety of megalithic construction. Generally they present the appearance of heaps of blackened stones of various sizes, some thirty feet in diameter, but all evidently much worn down and reduced by age and exposure. Most of them are surrounded by circles of stones, double, triple, and, rarely, even fourfold, some only just appearing above ground, others four or eight feet high, and a few are distinguished by a huge upright stone, or *menhir*, placed close outside the circle, like the headstone of a grave. These circle-enclosed cairns cover underground chambers termed by antiquaries *kistvaens*, averaging six feet long by three or four wide, and from six to ten deep, constructed by four prodigious stone slabs, placed edgewise, with a flat one for the floor, and closed above by an enormous overlying capstone. The chambers were all originally subterranean and covered by the cairn heaps; but the latter have disappeared from many, and the earth around them sunk away, leaving half the chamber-walls projecting above the surface, often still bearing up the capstone, that, in many instances, much overlaps its supports, so that the whole looks rather like a gigantic mushroom. The greatest of the tombs stood conspicuously in the centre, as of a chieftain buried amongst his people. At its head rose a broad rude monolith, over twelve feet high; huge rough stones formed a double circle, the cairn over the chamber had disappeared, and the immense massive covering-stone had been displaced, and lay around in fragments. The chamber thus exposed had been laid bare to the bottom, doubtless by some treasure-seekers; it was ten feet wide, as many deep, and rather more in length, the sides formed of four prodigious single slabs. It was a wild, impressive scene, as we stood by this rude memorial of some nameless leader of a forgotten race. The silent barren plain extended far around in rocky ridges and dreary yellow expanses, whilst about us lay multitudes of blackened grave-mounds, with here and there the massive chambers half revealed, the capstones still covering some, on others tilted and half fallen, whilst on all

sides stood tall rough stones, some upright, some leaning and awry. It realized the poet's vision of the

Dismal cirque
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor.

The people to-day entertain many quaint notions to account for the origin and purpose of these antique remains, for the most part resolvable into "myths of observation," *i.e.*, stories suggested by the appearance of the objects themselves. It does not occur to the natives to regard them as sepulchral, but rather as the dwelling-places of some pygmy or legendary people, prompted probably by the pottery, some evidently used in cooking, found in the chambers, as well as by a curious aperture always existing in one of the end-slabs. What its use may have been is doubtful, unless it were for introducing urns into the sepulchral chamber, though ill-placed for that; but the people look upon it as a door. It is remarkable that exactly similar holes exist in European kistvaens, in France and elsewhere. The pottery, it may be noted, is of very various shapes and sizes, for the most part unlike any now in use, of better texture too, polished black or red, ornamented with wavy white lines, often bearing marks of fire. One characteristic shape is a tall urn, shaped like a lecythus, but with rim turned over, and standing on three or four short legs. Fragments of burnt bones, much-corroded iron knives and spear-heads, and cornelian or crystal beads, are found sparingly in the chambers and urns. One popular tradition respecting the tombs runs that, in a far distant age, the astrologers predicted all humankind would be destroyed by a rain of fire; so the men took counsel and built impenetrable houses of solid stone, furnished them with provisions and utensils, and dwelt in them. But one day a shower of gold fell, which lured them forth; and, as they were gathering the gold, "the fire shower of ruin all dreadfully driven" descended suddenly and destroyed all but a few who had stayed at home. Another account delivers that, in a bygone cycle, there lived a race of pygmies, who nevertheless possessed the strength of elephants, and could easily split rocks and lift enormous masses. These built the stone chambers, and perished in the flood that closed the cycle.

One quaint legend avers that, in very ancient times, men lived for extraordinarily long periods, even hundreds of years,

and then did not die; but, when become feeble, lay helpless and unable to move. Sight and appetite remained; but they remained lying in their houses like huge breathing pumpkins, to the great inconvenience of the younger generations. At last, to get rid of these ripe-fruit-like encumbrances, their descendants constructed stone houses, placed the helpless ancients within, with food and pots, and came to the door daily to tend them whilst they survived. When at last they died the door was closed, and earth and stones heaped over all. So the people of the day lessened the nuisance of the pumpkin stage of their forefathers! Here, too, as in all countries, these mysterious remains are popularly believed to contain treasure, which accounts for their being so often ransacked; neither coins nor gold ever are discovered in them, their date being doubtless anterior to the use of either; but the common creed remains unshaken, and gives as a reason for nothing valuable being found, that unholy spells were used to make them secure; and that a man was often buried alive in them whose ghost guards and conceals the treasure against all seekers, only giving it up to the proprietor, or, as some say, if compelled by a human sacrifice. This recalls what Bertram Risingham tells of the practices of the old buccaneers, —

Seek some charnel when at full
The moon gilds skeleton and skull;
There dig, and tomb your precious heap,
And bid the dead the treasure keep;
Sure guardians they, if fitting spell
Their service to the task compel.
Lacks there, such charnel? Kill a slave
Or prisoner on the treasure-grave;
And bid his discontented ghost
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.*

We can pause no longer by the ancient graves, but gallop on over the rolls and stretches of the maidān, and presently its outskirts come in view, and, just beyond them, our camp, with the white tent shining beside the thick dark-green foliage of a fine tamarind tree — one of India's noblest and most useful growths, broad-trunked and massive-armed, producing excellent timber, and bearing profusely the brown acid pulpy pods serviceable in so many ways. Arrived and dismounted, a bath and breakfast follow, and then multifarious business till the wheels of the fervent sun-chariot have neared the western mountains.

M. J. W.

* Rokeby, Cant. II.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SHADOW OF THE DOOR.

I.

A RIVER, eighty or a hundred yards in width, flowing with a strong current—a rounded point projecting well out on its eastern bank, and changing just there the general direction of the stream—the region, in the western part of North Carolina, before the hills rise into mountains,—these are the only features of the general landscape which the reader of the following narrative will have to bear in mind.

On the point mentioned, elevated some twenty feet above the water, stood, at the time when I saw it, many years ago, a plain house of wood in the ordinary carpenter's style. Unlike most houses of its class, which are usually placed as near the public road as possible, this was but a few yards from the river; while the road that followed the main course of the stream cut across the base of the projection on which the house stood, and which included the fifty acres and more of the small farm attached to it. With the road at a distance in front, and a broad stream, fringed with trees in its rear, the house and its occupants were very nearly shut out from the observation of all but persons who directly approached it.

It had been built and occupied for a few years by William Dempton, who, with the wife he brought with him, made his appearance as an entire stranger to the neighborhood. He said nothing of his affairs, except that he wanted to purchase a small property. He invited no questions, and, if not surly, was unsocial. His wife was one of the subdued sort—in the cut and color of her dress, the tone of her voice, the meekness of her manner, and even the washed-out hue of her complexion. People felt, somehow, that they learned more of him by looking at her than in any other way.

There was little learnt, however, in any way. Dempton bought the land lying between the road and the river; paid for it in cash; seemed to have money enough to do what he wanted, but evidently wanted to do as little as possible—except in building a house much larger than he had need of. When a year or two went by, the problem which his coming had presented took a new form: not, why he came and who he was; but, what was the use of a house and a farm to a man who was not using either for the purpose that other men would?

II.

"WILLIAM, will you let me speak to you?"

"Speak! why not? I haven't stopped you."

"Yes, you have, again and again; for you know what I mean, and I can't keep still about it."

"I guess you can, for you've got to. It's you that have shut us both up; for if I let you begin on anything, you get round right off to the same cursed old subject again."

"That's not true now, William, and hasn't been for a long while, as you know; for it was something harder to bear than blows that shut my mouth, except when I had to speak, as I must speak now."

"You can't say I ever struck you," returned the man, with the manner of one who was willing to get up an altercation, if he could change the subject in that way.

"Nor have I said you did—with your hand; nor, for that matter, though you are speaking so harshly now, with hard words either. But you've laid a weight on me by your looks and manner that's just crushing the very soul in me. Don't go away,"—and as the man rose to his feet she rose also,— "I'll go with you if you do. I'll wait till you come back, if it's all night. Speak I will, and of nothing else, even though the worst happens I've been afraid of."

She had just acquitted him of using hard words, and one look into his face showed that he had no need of them. Sombre-visaged as he always was, and with strongly-marked features, he was not ill-looking, with some smoothness of skin and freshness of complexion. But while his wife was speaking, the skin seemed more tightly drawn across the forehead; sharp lines cut the smooth cheek; the deep-set eyes half closed, as if to hide the expression that glowed within; and the paleness of repressed passion spread over his face.

"What are you afraid of?" He uttered the words quietly; but there was a change in his tone like that in his countenance. The woman evidently observed and felt that gathering up and preparation of the spirit to do ill, which is more fearfully suggestive even than its outbreak. Her hands, pressed against her bosom, trembled; her voice sank lower in a compressed tone that seemed to exhaust the lungs with the one word, "Murder."

For a brief pause they stood—he with his eye fixed upon her, she shrinking from it, yet as one resolved to go through what

she had begun. Then suddenly, with an impatient movement of his head, he exclaimed, "Pho! what put that into your head?"

Slowly drawing a long breath, as if something had not happened she expected, the woman answered, —

"You put it there, William. I've seen it in your eye; I've read it in your manner. I can't be mistaken. I'm sure the thought of getting me out of the way has come to you more than once. It hasn't frightened me for myself. What good is life to me? I'd be glad to leave it — but not by your hand. Yet it's not that that's breaking me down, and has closed my lips till the words come in spite of me. It's not of myself and you together that I've been thinking, but of you and murder together. You say that I always came back to the same subject. That is why I did, because there is murder in it."

"Are you crazy?" here Dempton broke in. "In what was there murder? Do you know what you say?"

Perhaps it had not surprised him that she had entertained some personal apprehensions; indeed, he had somewhat played upon her fears. But her last words evidently touched upon something for which he was not prepared. There was a startled as well as inquiring look upon his face as he raised his head abruptly. Her reply, though still in the same repressed voice, was prompt and distinct.

"I ought to know, for I've been saying it over to myself for years, and as much of it to you as I dared — for your sake, William, more than for my own."

"Say it out then now, once for all, and have done with it. The last time you broke out in this way, I told you that once more would end it, and now we've got there. As sure as we are living now, one or both of us will be dead before there's another chance."

"I knew it," said the woman; "I knew it wasn't only because I wanted you to give up living here, and kept telling you that your plans about it would never end well, that you looked so black, and spoke as you did."

"Any man would look black," returned her husband, "who had such a dead drag on him as you have been since we first set foot on this place."

"I would have dragged you back, if I could, when you took the first step to come here. I knew before we started we were coming for no good."

"Why did you come then? I told you

to stay behind till I sent for you, but you would come."

"So you did; and your sister wanted me to stay. But you knew I couldn't live with her, and you wanted all the money. And as God hears me, I *would* come because I was your wife, for worse as well as for better; and I believed the worse was at hand. I meant it should not be the very worst, if I could help it."

"This was all for my sake, was it?" said Dempton, with a sneer, yet in a tone of inquiry that seemed designed to lead his wife on.

"It was for your sake, William, and my own too; for when I married you I meant to keep my promise, God helping me, to the end. He knows I did not look for this; but he knew that this was to be, and that this was my part, and I mean to be faithful to him as well as to you."

"Oh yes, yes!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "I know all that. We've lived a hell on earth because you were too good to let it be anything else. See here, Jane," — and as he spoke he laid his hand on her arm, which shook in his grasp as though the passion he suppressed in his voice was quivering through his nerves, — "let's have it all out now in plain terms. What I understand about your meaning is this. You think I've wanted to kill you rather than stand your croaking about the way we live here, and not going back to respectability and the old home, and your prophesying evil to come of it. Keeping that sort of talk up and nothing else for years is enough to make a man think of killing himself or somebody. If I have let such thoughts out sometimes, it's you and your doleful ways that have made me. But I begin to think you mean more, and that's just what I want to understand. What is it, woman? What did you mean by saying there was murder in the old subject? Speak out! I'm not afraid to hear if you ain't to tell."

She met his stern gaze with a steady eye, and answered still in the same distinct, subdued tones; but there was a huskiness in her voice that indicated the agitation within.

"I hoped you would understand me, William, without any plainer words. There shall be no doubt about them now. The time has come when there's nothing left but to speak out. What I am going to say came to my own eyes and ears — no one helped me to it. When father died and left the old homestead and all his securities to brother James because he was feeble in mind and body both, and

couldn't make his way as you could, I saw the change that came over you. Every one saw it, but not as I did—for you were always grave, and no one wondered that you were cut down at getting only the money in the bank and the little house and acre lot we lived in. You were never bitter or sullen to me till then. I had learned before to be afraid of offending you, but I never thought you were a dark man who could have any deadly secret. When you married me, William, you said you liked me because I was quiet but quick." As she said this, she caught her under lip between her teeth, and a movement in her throat showed her effort to keep down her emotion. The man never moved, and continued to regard her with the same fixed look.

"The six months after father's death made me quieter than ever, and quicker to notice all that was going on. I knew that you felt one way about Jim and talked to him another. People thought it good of you after the first disappointment was over, to be pleasanter with him than you ever were with any one else. I soon began to feel that it was bad. I saw you were playing a game, and don't mind saying that I set myself to watch you. Not as your enemy, William"—she said this quickly, breaking out of the low tones she had used, for a grim expression passed over the steely countenance into which she was gazing—"not as your enemy, but as your faithful wife who would no more let you do harm if she could help it, than she would let harm come to you. I couldn't tell you now, if there were any use in it, all that happened to make me sure I was right, and to show me what you were about. It came to me by little and little; one thing after another. It turned my heart cold, and I went about as if I had drawn a thick veil round me to keep people from seeing what was in my thoughts."

All this while Dempton's hand was on his wife's arm. He had relaxed his hold but not abandoned it, as if by some magnetic influence of his touch he could dominate her spirit. But at this moment the passion he had so long repressed was too much for him. Tightening his grasp, he raised her arm and shook it violently between his face and hers which he had brought near together, and then with, "Curse your cunning," flung her hand back upon herself. It struck her across the eyes. The lids instinctively closed with the suddenness and violence of the blow. She kept them so a moment and

then raised them—her eyes undarkened by a shadow of fear, but dilated with an expression of horror and sorrow combined that had its effect even upon the man before her. She muttered, "The first blow! the first blow!" and with the other hand pressing back the hair from her forehead, looked at him as if his eyes had a dreadful fascination. There was no confusion in his, but somewhat less of intentness as he said quickly, "Go on, Jane; I'm sorry. Go on; there's no stopping now."

"No," she said, repeating his words with a long-drawn breath, "there's no stopping now. Better get to the end as quick as I can. The end is, William Dempton, that I made up my mind you were coming here, not because you could get more land and make your little money go farther—there were less out-of-the-way places for that than here—but because you had talked James into the idea of one day following you, pretending the climate would be good for him, and a large plantation down here would be a good investment. You meant to get his money somehow, I was sure. How, I could not think, but you would find a way—there was no good way to such an end. I got a glimpse of it at last, just before we left. Do you remember that evening when the lawyer came who managed the purchase of our house and lot, and you told him about father's will, and why you sold out and were coming down here? I wondered at your being so free to talk with him. It was not natural in you; and when you raised your voice so that every word could be heard as you went with him to the gate, I knew you meant that those people passing by might hear how good-humoredly you made light of his asking why you did not break the will. I had followed you out on the stoop, and had stepped down on the path behind you. As you came back with a slow and heavy tread—I couldn't but notice it—you said to yourself, bringing each word out in the same slow, firm manner, 'There's a surer way than that.' It was pitch-dark, and you went by without seeing me. There was no light in the entry, except what came through the door of the room where we had been sitting. It fell on you as you turned to go in, and then I saw for the first time that dreadful look that struck my heart as you struck my face just now. Had it been my way to scream as some women do, I should have cried out 'murder' then. But the idea of it, and the fear of it, sank deeper into my mind. It's the word that has been ringing in my

brain ever since. I went quickly round to the back door, and perhaps you thought that I had been up-stairs, for when I came into the room you said nothing. The black look had nearly passed away, but my eyes met yours, and I was willing they should speak for me. You never asked, and I didn't say anything. But I tell you now, William, that from that hour I have had but one purpose in living—to be what you called me, but not as you meant it—a drag upon you. I have meant to hold you back from doing what it was you had planned or thought of doing, and from going any way towards it. It was not to make you unhappy. I believe that you know well why it was, and that you believe me when I say it was only for your sake. Not for anything that might happen to me or to James, but to keep you from murder—murder—murder.”

Her voice sank with each repetition of the word, and her lips moved once when no sound issued; as if, now the dreadful thought and fear were uttered that had so long been brooded over, there was a dismal necessity to repeat it. Her brave spirit had struggled on so far. She had borne up under the twofold horror—that while trying to impede her husband's advance towards the crime he meditated in the distance, she might possibly provoke its commission sooner and in a still more fearful way. She had reached the end. She could say, and do, and bear, no more. The one word, in the utterance of which her worn-out spirit exhausted itself, was simply the token of the strife within. The pale face grew more pallid; the quivering lips became rigid and bloodless; the keen expression of an anguished soul died out of her eyes, and she fell to the floor in a swoon.

No further words passed between her husband and herself on the subject that had so powerfully agitated her. He raised and not ungently laid her on the bed, by the side of which they had been sitting. Such simple means of restoring her as were at hand he promptly used. Not even a look was exchanged as she recovered. “Will you lie still for awhile?” he asked; to which a faint “yes” was the only reply, when he left her.

A day in February was drawing to its cloudy end as she moved about the house again: more feebly than her resolute spirit would have allowed, had there not been an unusual reaction from the scene through which she had just passed. The subdued air with which she usually appeared would not, to a close observer, have had the

effect of weakness. It was that of one who submitted rather than was crushed. But now an utterly broken spirit was evident in her countenance and every movement. She made her last effort—with what result?

Somewhat later than usual the preparations for their evening meal were completed. Dempton had once come in, but, finding the delay, had gone out again among the outhouses. When he returned, the table was ready, the candle shedding its dim light; but no other sign of life appeared. He called her name: there was no answer. He opened the door, calling again and peering round in the last glimmering of the twilight. He waited a few moments and called once more. He looked for her bonnet and shawl; they hung upon the nail as usual. He took the candle and went up to the story above; the whole unfinished space was bare and empty. His eye glanced round upon the articles in ordinary use. Where was the water-pail? He caught up the lantern—and there was an unwonted tremulousness in his manner as he hastened to light the candle within. Going round to the rear of the house, the outline of the footpath that led down to the river was dimly visible. After taking a few steps, he opened the door of the lantern and let its light fall full on the path. It was soft and sloppy with the rain that had fallen during the day, so that the latest footprint was well defined. There could be but two sorts—hers and his; and there could be no doubt whose was the fresh mark of the narrower sole and smaller heel. Striding quickly onward till he reached the bank, he paused at the top of the steep descent, and, supporting himself by a tree as he leaned forward, he said, in a tone that, unconsciously to himself, was low and hushed, “Jane! are you there?” Unconsciously to himself, also, the idea that was growing more solemnly distinct before his mind, gave a gentleness to his voice which, if her ear had caught, would it not have brought her back from the very gate of death? As he listened intently, the rush of the river swollen by the rains was all that he heard. It needed all the courage of that resolute man to descend the bank, trying to distinguish the forms of objects amid the darkness, and at last to stand upon the log that was put there for convenience in dipping up the water. The stream was higher, the current stronger than he expected, and swept close up to the log with bitter force. He turned the light on either side. He raised it above

his head to cast its rays far out upon the stream—as if there could be any use in that! If anything had happened there only a moment before, no trace of it remained. It happened in the utter loneliness and darkness, and vanished into the night.

He needed no evidence in sight or sound. Only in this way could her absence be explained. While waiting for his return, she had noticed that water would be needed, and as she was accustomed, went for it herself. It came to him, now, that of late she had never asked him to do this for her, and he had never once offered. His bosom heaved—wretched as he was, there was something of manhood's best in him still—as he thought of her in her feebleness going out into the dark, for he had taken the lantern with him. Still, perhaps, somewhat light-headed, she had bent over the stream, and the first grasp of the pail by the current had drawn her in. Once off her feet, the curve of the bank would project her into the full force of the river, which would bear her far down before anything could arrest her course till life was extinct.

So it proved to be. The next day her remains were found amid some drift-wood on the opposite side of the river, and a long way down, her hand still clutching the pail. Her countenance, scarce more pallid than before, had a placid expression it had not worn for years.

III.

How William Dempton met his neighbors, and went through the scenes that followed the death of his wife, need not be told. Though, as I have said, not surly, he was repellent in manner, so that as few words were exchanged as circumstances permitted. Whether or not the idea crossed his mind that he was the object of suspicion, it made no perceptible difference in his conduct. He stated the facts as they had occurred, in immediate connection with the accident, and left them to make their impression, apparently careless of the result.

Yet he felt what had happened, as his sturdy frame might have felt a blow dealt him by some powerful hand. Not overthrown, nor even staggered, he was intensely conscious that it was a blow, and a hard one.

The reader will have gathered from the conversation detailed above, the principal facts with which we are concerned. His wife had truly read his heart, and it was this disclosure of the keen discernment

of the woman who, notwithstanding her occasional expostulations, had gone along in the main so quietly by his side, that provoked his unusual outburst of passion. The emotion it expressed still stirred his inmost soul. He well knew that her meekness was not weakness; that she was resolute to do whatever she thought was her duty; and that her conduct towards him had been governed by this principle. Though not prepared to learn, as he did, from her own lips, how soon she had detected the purpose which he kept in the background of his own mind, he had counted on her knowledge of his character as one means by which he would keep her silent: he had never supposed that he could bend her to participate in his plans. On this account he had exaggerated his natural sternness of manner, and though never abusive or violent, had affected a roughness of speech. She would take refuge in silence rather than keep up contention. Perhaps, just glancing at the future, he counted on her sense of a wife's duty as a shield when it might be needed. Thus he had explained to himself their manner of living for the three or four years past, and his own object in keeping it up.

The blow, then, which was given him by her death, following so suddenly on their last interview, was received by him mainly in his conscience. Though utterly without religious principle, he had religious ideas that were as unquestioned by him as the sunlight. If he had wanted to do anything the sun must not shine on, he would not attempt to deny the sunshine, but would simply wait for the night. So in matters of conscience. God, and another world, and a day of judgment, were undisputed facts. But he acted as if there were a moral night-time: not for him to hide in—that would have implied activity in getting out of the way of objects keenly discerned and felt—but to wait for, and be passively enveloped by it. Then he would do what he pleased, unseen. A state of mind by no means singular, for it explains many a man's conduct.

At the point where he now stood, however, a ray of light darted through the gloom of William Dempton's mind.

If all that while his wife had believed that his plans were tending towards the commission of a deadly crime, what held her back from speaking out as she had done that last day? There had been many an opportunity as good. He had encouraged her idea that he might meditate personal violence against herself: it

helped him to govern her more easily. But when he saw that she had not been trembling merely at this imagination of her own, but was overpowered by her apprehension of the very truth that never till now had seemed so vast an object to his own mind, he sought for an explanation. That he did not shrink from doing so was characteristic of the man. There were certain objects that were troublesome to look at. If darkness covered them from his sight, he was satisfied. But he was no coward; and if he must see, would look with all his eyes.

She, then, that shrewd, discerning woman, who he knew was his friend as well as his wife, had judged him to be one who could neither be persuaded nor driven from his set purpose. Intense as her desire was to arrest it, she thought the attempt would be hopeless except through the workings of his own mind. He could supply the very phrase with which she would support her own spirit under that long trial. She would pray God to work in his heart through the few words which only she could wisely utter. Perhaps he had overheard some such prayer, or something that had fallen from her lips in conversation had suggested the idea. She had done all that she could without lessening her chance of success, and left him to his own conscience and to God. What an idea of him she must have had, if, being the woman she was, she would not attempt more than this!

Then, for the first time in his life, William Dempton understood what it was to be left to his own conscience. During the first hours of his pondering over it, conscience was not an idea only, but a reality. He felt that his wife had more influence over him in her death than in all her life before.

Had this occurred at a time when there was a pause in the course of events which he had started — when some fresh impulse was required to continue it — it is probable that no such effort would have been made. But when such affairs as his are in progress, they gather momentum which renders it hourly more difficult to stop. He would have to be tenfold more in earnest to do it now than a year ago. Yet at this very moment there was a special motive for him to be active in the way.

Happy for herself in the time of her death, his wife was ignorant that he had received information only the day before, of the success of his long-laid plan. The post, that arrived in that remote region only once a week, had brought him word

of his brother-in-law's final resolve to join him, and that he was on the very eve of carrying it out. All the communications between the two families passed through Dempton's hands. His wife knew only what he thought fit to impart. Her own letters he faithfully delivered, but they were few and brief, and the correspondence was mainly his. He neutralized the effect of her representations, partly by admitting their truth, partly by toning down her strong language; but mainly by his own plausible statements as to the prospects which that region opened to a new-comer. Let James Elsey come and see for himself. Let him bring the money to pay down, which, in the unbusiness-like ways of the people, would make the sum seem twice as large as if he only promised to pay, and he might suit himself as to land on his own terms. In that case Jane and he would be together again. They would both have a better chance in that climate to live long, and they would all have an opportunity to rise in the world such as Dempton by himself could never hope for.

Such were the ideas suggested, with variations, from time to time, that prevailed with a lonely man, somewhat feeble in health, and shrinking from society, to convert his property into ready money, and join the sister who was his only intimate, and her husband, who, besides showing a generous and friendly spirit, had some claims on the score of his disappointment. As often happens, the resolve that had so long been pondered was taken suddenly at the last, and acted upon promptly. The letter Dempton had received, announced the writer's immediate departure. He would be some days upon the road; nor, had Dempton been so inclined, was there any way of arresting his journey by the news of his sister's death.

Here, then, the crisis in the fate of those three persons came almost in one day, and suddenly.

Men who meditate crime seldom study it out in all its detail. The dark result is in the future — known to be there, but not actually seen. The first step, and the next, and the following, are evident and easy; after that, the general course itself is hardly distinct. There is an indefinite interval yet to be passed over before the result. Few spirits are so hardened as not to receive a shock when, all at once, there appears but one step more before the irreversible event.

This was what befell William Dempton. All that had as yet distinctly occupied his

thoughts was to persuade Elsey to make the move. There was no reason as yet to look beyond that point. It had been uncertain if he should ever get even so far. Thus matters stood only a few hours before, while he yet held that unopened letter in his hand. The news it brought startled him with its significance, and he had purposely let a day go by without speaking of it to his wife. With the event of that day, however, the final issue of his whole scheme advanced upon him at one stride. For James Elsey to come while his sister was living, creating all the stir of such an arrival with its preparations for the routine of their new life, was one thing — and seemed progress quite fast enough for the steady-moving spirit of a man like Dempton. Just because he was so deliberate, it came as near as anything could to take his breath away, that things suddenly assumed a shape so imminent. What effect would his sister's death have upon Elsey? Would he still be inclined to remain? Would he not attract more observers into their little circle than Dempton cared to have? Obviously there was less margin for opportunities than the latter had counted on. There was a necessity to do promptly whatever he decided on doing.

And why should he not be prompt? If he seriously held to his purpose, why delay to carry it out? Why not grasp the opportunity so suddenly within his reach, and that might not remain there?

For this once only, he looked in the face that truth which his wife's words, aided by the impression of her death, brought before his mind — only long enough fairly to see it, and make his rejection of its promptings deliberate and wilful. Should he and Elsey meet and mingle condolence as the afflicted widower and the sorrowing brother, and he himself take his chances for bettering his condition that way? Where everything had so unexpectedly proved favorable to his purpose, should he give it up because of what happened on that one day?

A coarse ruffian would have broken out into an oath and sworn to have his way in defiance of heaven and hell.

William Dempton only paused in his walk up and down that path which his wife had last trod between the house and the river, and raising both hands tightly clenched above his head as though he were about to deal a double blow, brought them forcibly down again by his side. It was the only sign of emotion that escaped him — except the measured heavy tread which, like his slow, determined utterance,

had always been noted by his wife as indicating the immobility of his spirit.

The die had been cast: Satan had won.

IV.

A DAY or two passed by when Dempton had occasion to drive to "Spicer's store," as it was termed — the centre of business and gossip to the whole neighborhood.

No one would have thought from his appearance and manner that anything unusual had happened, or that he had anything but the tenor of his ordinary life before him. He returned the greetings of the few persons whom he met, and then went through the process which had been the unfailing astonishment of the lookers-on ever since he first came among them. He had a few purchases to make, and he made them at once and was done with it. Any one else would have drawn them out into half-a-day's bargaining. What a waste of opportunity!

In one respect he departed from his usual manner. He mentioned that he was preparing to receive his wife's brother — which, as he had never volunteered before a statement about his own affairs, made a marked impression. Not much was said, indeed: simply that Mr. Elsey was coming, with a view to "settle" in the neighborhood; but what he would do when he learned what had happened, Dempton could not foresee.

This was all that was made known of the circumstances of Elsey's coming except what the neighbors saw with their own eyes. Dempton drove past one day, having with him a slight-built, delicate-looking man, respectably attired, whose dejected air was fully accounted for by the dreadful news he had so lately heard. Those easy-going people took their excitements mildly; but Mrs. Dempton's sudden death had roused them to a keener interest than usual in all that pertained to her husband's affairs. On the day of her funeral, when his house was necessarily thrown open, much speculation had been started by the unfinished condition of the upper part. It was now concluded across the counter of Spicer's store that, with the articles he had lately bought, Dempton would fit up a sleeping-place for the "stranger" up-stairs, and probably, if the latter remained, would finish off a room, for which, it had been noticed, there was abundance of unused materials. This conjecture received confirmation not long afterwards, when sounds of hammering came over to the public road, and the figures of the two men were seen as if

busily at work. With which incident the record up to this period in the history ends.

A month more went by. The spring opened slowly. There were frequent rains, and the roads were bad. Dempton had been seen now and then in his wagon with Elsey, and once they attended the nearest place of worship, exchanging a few words with the neighbors as they went in and out. There was nothing in this to excite comment, as the one was a stranger, and the other an unsocial man; and they might both be reasonably credited with a special reserve, in view of the late painful accident.

But one day Dempton appeared, with horse and wagon, at the store, unaccompanied by Elsey. Less sparing of his words than usual, he took occasion to say that his visitor had left. He had wished to go up into Virginia, and had started before daylight the day but one before, so as to catch a conveyance on a road at some distance to the north.

One Dick Pender, who happened to be present, here struck in with, —

"Why, that was you, then, squire, comin' across the creek t'other side of my house just after sunrise. I was wonderin' what brought you there so early."

"Yes," said Dempton, "we started soon after three o'clock, the roads were so deep; but I made the distance over to the Corners in pretty good time, and came across a man there who belonged over towards Wilkesville, and was on his way home. He agreed to carry Mr. Elsey right on to Wilkesville, and as that saved a good deal in distance, Elsey got in with him, and I turned back. I got to the creek, as you say, Mr. Pender, after sunrise, but it was a good while after; and I remember thinking you had overslept yourself, from the way in which you shaded your eyes, as if the light had taken you by surprise."

This was not only more than any one had ever heard Dempton say before, but the only instance in which he had been known to attempt a pleasantry. A laugh went round at Pender's expense, who, under the circumstances, felt rather flattered by it: indeed, it figured largely in the accounts he afterwards gave of his share in this history. At the same time, every one noticed that Dempton spoke with unusual freedom, and even with an approach to heartiness that seemed forced. Elsey was coming back, he told them, probably to remain; but his sister's death had somewhat disturbed his plans, and re-

quired his presence at his former home on business. On his way thither he thought he would take a look at the up-country of Virginia, for which he had always something of a fancy. Meantime he, Dempton, meant to finish the house, for he was confident of Elsey's return, and wished to have it as comfortable as possible. He was about to plaster the rooms up-stairs, and came to the store now to procure something he wanted for that purpose.

All this was very naturally said, and excited only the attention such particulars always gain from such people as he addressed. No remark was made upon it after he left, except of surprise at his "coming out quite sociable." The incident was told and retold till interest was exhausted, and everything connected with Dempton had fallen into its usual train.

One pleasant evening not long after, a group was collected at the store, on the outskirts of which a half-dozen negroes shifted round, ready to put in a word or let out a guffaw as opportunity offered. Some one happened to mention Dempton's name, when Nep, a free negro, who owned a skiff on the river, in which when the water was not too high or too low, he spent a good part of his time, struck in with, "I 'speck Mas'r Dempton gwine to hab de frustratest corn in dese parts dis year."

"What do you say that for, Nep?" asked one of the party.

"'Cause he got mighty rich heap of manoor. I smelt him toder day. Golly!" Everybody laughed, each negro in particular, as if he himself had to laugh for everybody.

When the yah-yahing ceased, questions poured in from all sides. "Where were you, Nep?" "How did you happen to be there?" "What were you doing?" "Didn't you get a good whiff of yourself, old boy?"

"You needn't 'poke no fun at me," replied Nep; "'twas jest as I tell yer. I was a-tryin' to git de skiff up roun' de pint, and had amost gib it up, de current was so wilent, when I tought I'd jump asho, and work up stream dat way. I pulled de skiff along, tuggin' most like to break my back, and nebber tinkin' nuffin' ob Miss Dempton till I got sight ob de log whar she tumbled off. It kind o' skeared me, and I stopped, and sez to myself — 'Nep, you gwine to put foot right dar on dat welly spot?' And jest den de wind cum ober de bank, I tell yer — thick. Sez I, dis chile don't stop long h'yar. Git de roomatiz in de nose, or de knock-down, or sumfin wus, if I does. So I jump into

de skiff, and off she went for kill down stream. Didn't hold on to nuffin' 'cept my breff, and when I let dat go, de sploshun cum mighty nigh upsettin' de skiff."

Nep's energetic description brought the "house down," his sable friends fairly rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of fun. The negro had no more to tell, though cross-examined till he lost his temper, and walked off, saying, "Dey might go and smell for demselves, if dey liked." But every one felt there was something in his story more than his own imagination. Its truth was not questioned, for Nep's manner carried conviction with it, in spite of its ludicrous accompaniments. No one hinted at anything suspicious, the most likely suggestion being the simplest—that Dempton's old cow had died, and that he had buried her near the river-bank.

So matters stood, or rather, from this point they started. Nep's adventure was repeated with variations till the whole neighborhood heard of it. Who can tell how the seeds of suspicion are planted? The birds of the air bring them. The winds gently waft them about. Some slight warmth of excitement is created by an incident like that narrated above, and all at once a tinge of doubt spreads itself over the whole community.

Such a process, however, takes time, and that was a community where everything and everybody took plenty of time. Weeks passed away before people began to wonder why Elsey did not return. Dempton seldom gave any one the opportunity of speaking to him. He was frequently seen about the house and farm, and he seemed busy. Yet a sharper curiosity than usual noted how little after all he did. Was he only trying to seem busy? He was regularly at the store once a week, where the group, always larger when the post-bag was opened, were conscious of a growing desire to have more light thrown on the point of common interest; but none of them cared to question Dempton, for he was eminently a man to be let alone. There was no want of pluck among those people. Their slouching, lazy ways covered any amount of that quality. The very existence of such a spirit, however, made them feel that whenever things got to be serious, words had to be weighed on both sides, or trouble would come of it. So Dempton came and went, impressing them more than ever by his never taking a step, nor speaking a word, nor spending a moment, more than what he was doing required.

Still, even under a slow fire, steam will

get up, and Dick Pender was the valve through which it announced its pressure. He had more occasion than any one else to go by Dempton's place. One day his lanky figure on an equally lanky nag was seen approaching the store with an evident eagerness to get there, regardless of risk to man or beast. The sun was now powerful enough to make the shady and breezy side of the house attractive; and as this happened to be the front, all the loungers, black and white, witnessed Pender's unusual style of approach. Not a man of them uttered a word, which was itself significant. Before he opened his lips, there was not one of them but thought of Dempton—so quick is the magnetism of feeling on a subject of engrossing interest.

"What's up, Dick?" uttered by one of the party, was sufficient to unlock his lips. Not much, after all. Yet in the mood they were in, it seemed everything. Pender had been slowly jogging by, his eye ranging over Dempton's house and fields from the moment they came in view, as if they were a MS. in unknown characters, and he were searching for the clue to read it. Suddenly a cloud of smoke rose somewhat on one side, and towards the rear of the house—such as might be produced by a quantity of damp rags thrown on a bed of coals. Pender's one gift was a keenness of vision that had helped to give him the name of the best hunter in all that region. A slight rise in the ground and the bushes by the roadside gave him the opportunity to study out what Dempton was about. The result was to satisfy Pender that he was burning—not rags simply, but clothing and other articles, among which he was sure were the fragments of a trunk that had been pulled apart.

There would have been nothing in this a few months ago. The passer-by would not have stopped to notice it. Even Pender could not then have seen so much, for there would have been no intentness of feeling to bring his vision to its sharpest; nor was it till he had told what he had seen with unwonted point and promptness of expression, that he and his hearers were aware how deep was the source of their excitement. He had lifted the stone from the spring, and its waters flowed freely. Then and there for the first time were the suspicions that had been gathering strength in every mind openly expressed, and the possibility discussed that James Elsey had come to a violent end by Dempton's hand.

Yet I should not say it was discussed. There was much less among those people of the spirit that makes mischief than prevails in a busier, sharper community; less readiness to meddle; more consciousness of responsibility in touching another man's character. Such, at least, was the impression I brought away with me from a two months' sojourn among them; and all the experience of after years has not made the value seem less of such qualities—be the circumstances what they may that foster them. The dullest-minded in the group to whom Pender told his story, felt that it was not a subject for tattle. And it must give some elevation of spirit even to the dullest man when he sets a guard upon his thoughts and words about a possible criminal, in respect for their common manhood.

At any rate, the seriousness that pervaded that whole community, from that day onward, had something dignified in it—rudely as it was sometimes indicated.

From Temple Bar.

THE WORDSWORTHS AT BRINSOP COURT.

TENNYSON has immortalized his "moated grange" by placing the love-lorn Mariana there; his brother poet, Wordsworth, had his also, in which he frequently sojourned himself. We are not told the precise locality where the sickly maiden was "awearry, awearry;" but the spot where the healthful poet occasionally dwelt is in Herefordshire. It is called Brinsop Court, and was, for over twenty years, the residence of Mr. Hutchinson, Wordsworth's brother-in-law, his wife and family. It is, in itself, a remarkable and interesting place; but the interest deepens when we learn that it has frequently received, as guests, the Wordsworths, their relatives the Quillinans, Southey, H. C. Robinson, and other celebrities.

Although essentially "a court" in the olden time, it is now, literally, a "moated grange," surrounded by sounds and sights connected with farming. The broad moat encircling the house and lawn that once served as protection against the foe is now alive with flocks of ducks and geese. The whirr of the threshing and winnowing machines, the crowing of cocks, the grinding of the cider-mill, the low of flocks and herds, and the call of human voices, sound without the moat, while within all is comparative repose.

Having crossed the bridge, formerly a drawbridge, the first object that attracts the eye is a tall cedar which rises above the broad-faced, two-storied court. This was planted by Wordsworth forty years ago, and bids fair to co-exist with the poet's name. We seem to see him, surrounded by relatives and friends, setting the diminutive tree which has now grown to such proportions; and to hear the couplet, jest, or laugh accompanying the act. We do see the walks he paced, the garden he frequented, the sedge-covered, tree-spanned waters at the back of the court beside which he mused, and the ruined arches he inquiringly surveyed.

Although antiquarians have been busy with the arches, they do not appear to have ascertained the precise date of our "moated grange." The oldest part is supposed to have been built in Stephen's reign, by a Dauncy or Dansey, who came from Normandy with the Conqueror, and in whose family it remained until the present century. Its antiquity is, indeed, patent to all, for at the back of the commodious dwelling-house is a quadrangular court, surrounded by relics of a past age. Here antiquarians, like doctors, "differ;" for the large ruined apartment to which we mount by crumbling stone steps is by some accounted a chapel with a crypt beneath, and by others a banqueting-room. Whatever its former use, it was called by the common people Holy Stage. Its length and breadth are noble; the rafters of its high, pointed roof, cross both ways; there is fresco painting still remaining, and the imagination as readily conjures up the ghosts of jovial knights and squires at the festive board, as of cowed monks at prayer.

But the poetical touch that would have struck the Wordsworthian chord is a small arched doorway, opening from this hall, or chapel, as may be, and looking in the moat below. All means of ingress have disappeared, and Mariana could scarcely have found her watery solitude more weird or dreary. The moat is so deep and dark, the low trees are so intimately intertwined, and the rushes and sedges are so thick, that even the fowl seem frightened from the spot and leave it to the spirits that haunt it. Still we picture Wordsworth here, or at the duck's nest not far off, or by the brook and mimic fall, recalling, possibly, the bolder surroundings of his house at Rydal Mount. But time changes everything, and the Hutchinsons have departed from the court, and Rydal Mount is being, we are told, rebuilt.

Still, life, cheerfulness, and labor survive, and there are signs of them everywhere. Turning from the moat and doorless arch, and casting our eyes from raftered roof to boarded floor, we see that the great hall is filled with little hillocks of what is familiarly called "sharps," or food for fattening cattle. Descending the ruined steps, we perceive that in the centre of the great quadrangular court are unwieldy cider-butts brought out to dry, round about which poultry pick up grain; and against an ancient building, near a broad archway, rises a grated hutch. Here not only do rabbits munch in one compartment, but two motherless kittens disport themselves in another, which are being "brought up by hand" by children not far off. All this would have attracted the poet almost more than the surrounding ruins. So would the tangled garden, and the summer-house, now converted into an aviary; so doubtless did the luxuriant orchards. We almost see him beneath the apple-blossoms of spring and the rosy fruit of autumn.

We do actually see what best represents him on entering the large, wainscoted dining-room of the house. This is a copy of his portrait by Pickersgill, which surmounts the high and antique mantelpiece, and has been presented as an heirloom to Brinsop Court by Lord Saye and Seal, Archdeacon of Hereford. It was from the original of this picture, now at St. John's College, Cambridge, that the engraving was taken which forms the frontispiece to Wordsworth's "Life and Works." It is now easy to call before the mind's eye the forms of the poet and his companions. The portrait, the quaint apartment, the Gothic window, the cedar, lawn, moat, all aid the imagination. We see first Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, who, having lived eighteen years in Nadnorth, came to reside at Brinsop Court, where they passed twenty-one years more. It was on the eve of their marriage, in the Vale of Grasmere, that Wordsworth composed the twenty-third of his published "Miscellaneous Sonnets," which we venture to reproduce:—

What need of clamorous bells or ribands gay
These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace?
Angels of love, look down upon the place;
Shed on the chosen vale a sunbright day!
Yet no proud gladness would the bride display
Even for such promise: serious is her face,
Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts
keep pace
With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the maid appear;

No disproportion in her soul, no strife;
But, when the closer view of wedded life
Hath shown that nothing human can be clear
From frailty, for that insight may the wife
To her indulgent lord become more dear.

It was of this "indulgent lord" that Wordsworth writes, in a letter to Professor Reed, dated Brinsop Court, September 27, 1845; and sonnet and letter not only form a touching homily, but testify to the loving, sympathetic spirit of the writer. It says:—

This letter is written by the side of my brother-in-law, who, eight years ago, became a cripple, confined to his chair by the accident of his horse falling with him in the high-road, where he lay without power to move either hand or leg, but left in perfect possession of his faculties. His bodily sufferings are by this time somewhat abated, but they still continue severe. His patience and cheerfulness are so admirable that I could not forbear mentioning him to you. He is an example to us all, and most undeserving should we be if we did not profit by it. His family have lately succeeded in persuading him to have his portrait taken as he sits in his armchair. It is an excellent likeness, the best I ever saw, and will be invaluable to his family.

It may not be out of place here to say that this portrait, painted by Lucy, is now in the possession of Mr. Hutchinson's daughter, at West Malvern, and conveys, even to a stranger, the impression of the "patience and cheerfulness" mentioned by his brother-in-law. When Wordsworth wrote the foregoing, his wife was also probably at the side of her crippled brother, since they were at Brinsop Court together.

The portraits of the two men remain, but of the wife and sister no picture is left to aid the imagination. Mrs. Wordsworth refused to sit either for portrait or photograph, having a wholesome dread of all publicity. Both she and her husband disliked the idea of laying bare the sanctity of private life to the world, and it was with much difficulty that the poet's biographer could prevail on her to furnish him with those details most interesting to the public. Still, it is to Mrs. Wordsworth and her sister, Sara Hutchinson, as well as to Wordsworth's sister Dorothy, and daughter Dora, that much of his poetry is due. Devoted to him and to his genius, they never wearied of encouraging him to write, or of accompanying him on his long and fatiguing walks. When his eyesight failed, his wife, the beloved companion of half a century, was his untiring amanuensis, and it is not surprising that he should

say that "he never saw an amiable single woman without wishing that she were married."

Yet two of these, his untiring aids and companions, were single women, and had they been married, some of Wordsworth's poetry might never have been written. Sara Hutchinson, a woman of no slender intellect, passed her time between Brinsop Court, Rydal Mount, the poet's home, and Greta Hall. It was to her he wrote the lines on her spinning-wheel; and the two poems signed S. H., honored by a niche in his own poetical volumes, are her composition. She was afterwards Southey's amanuensis. Dorothy Wordsworth, the sister who was his constant friend from childhood, and to whom so many of his poems are addressed, was also frequently in this our moated grange. She was, like her brother, a great walker, and at sixty would take her ten miles' walk among the Herefordshire meads, woods, or orchards. But she outwalked her strength by crossing the Alps more than once, and was an invalid for the last twenty years of her life. Miss Hutchinson has a charming and touching photograph of her, taken during this trying period, and when she was verging on eighty. Her face appears placid and unwrinkled, if pensive, and is surrounded by a full-bordered cap.

A story is told of a favorite Brinsop dog, interesting from its connection with Dorothy Wordsworth and Mr. Quillinan, afterwards her nephew, by marriage with Dora Wordsworth. Dorothy was not naturally fond of dogs, but this one, Prince by name, attached himself to her, and accompanied her unheeded, during her long, solitary Herefordshire rambles. On the eve of one of her departures from the Court, he discovered, as dogs will, what was about to happen, and lay at her bedroom door all the night. The following morning he secreted himself in the cart that conveyed her luggage to Hereford, and finally met her at the coach. It was with difficulty that they could restrain the affectionate animal from following her, and with still greater that they could get him home again. Sometime after, when poor Prince was, like Dorothy, "stricken in years," he became sadly infirm, and a burden not only to those about him, but to himself. We hope that aged dogs do not fully understand what that means, or their declining years would be more burdensome still. However, Prince's young master, George Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's nephew, did not find the old dog a burden, and when the command to get rid of him

was repeatedly issued, he begged him off with entreaties and tears.

At last, however, the fiat went forth that Prince must die. There was no kindly chloroform in those days, so the faithful dog was hanged by a servant named Jerry Preece, during the temporary absence of his friend George. Quillinan was staying at the Court at the time, and was engaged in laying night-lines across the moat. When the boy returned, he unadvisedly sent him to search for worms in "the duck's nest," a spot immortalized by Wordsworth in his fifteenth miscellaneous sonnet:—

Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,
And dimly gleaming nest—a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow.

When George, in high spirits at his quest, drew near this retired place, he chanced to look up at a neighboring willow-tree. There he saw his beloved Prince ignominiously hanging by the neck. The shock was so great that the boy went half mad with grief, and would not be consoled. Quillinan, who had not known of the place of execution, was much distressed. Retiring to his room, he hastily wrote the following impromptu lines by way of consolation, which he threw out of the window facing the cedar and moat, to the boy waiting beneath it, with the words, "Look, George! Here's an epitaph."

EPITAPH ON A FAVORITE DOG.

Stop! passenger, and drop a tear;
A most ill-fated Prince lies here.
His reign in youth was wild and pleasant;
He hunted rabbit, hare, and pheasant;
Grown old, he bid adieu to sport,
And mildly ruled at Brinsop Court.
But shame on these reforming times
Of revolutionary crimes!
This harmless, old, and good Prince-royal
Was vilely used by hands disloyal.
His noble neck was hempen-collared,
And stretched upon a willow-pollard.
Oh, wicked traitor, Jerry Preece,
Repent, if you would die in peace.

We do not know whether these verses consoled George Hutchinson, but they were engraven on stone, and placed at the head of Prince's grave. The remains of the good dog still rest at Brinsop Court, but the tombstone has been removed to Miss Hutchinson's garden at West Malvern. The lines, composed in a few minutes, afford proof, if any be needed, of Quillinan's genius, to whom Wordsworth wrote as follows before he became his son-in-law in 1840:—

It is in your power to attain a permanent place among the poets of England. Your thoughts, feelings, knowledge, and judgment in style, and skill in metre, entitle you to it; and, if you have not yet succeeded in gaining it, the cause appears to me to lie in the subjects which you have chosen. It is worthy of note how much of Gray's popularity is owing to the happiness with which his subject is selected in three places; his "Hymn to Adversity," his "Ode on the Distant Prospect of Eton College," and his "Elegy." I must, however, in justice to you, add that one cause of your failure appears to have been thinking too humbly of yourself, so that you have not reckoned it worth while to look sufficiently round you for the best subjects, or to employ as much time in reflecting, condensing, bringing out, and placing your thoughts and feelings in the best point of view as is necessary.

It would be well if the writers of the present day would take to heart this advice, given by Wordsworth to Quillinan four years before his marriage with Dora. She also was an accomplished scribe, and her husband was wont to call her "the queen of letter-writers." But not many years after the epitaph to Prince was written, she, like the faithful dog,

Slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Unlike her parents, she died young, and is the last of the spectres that flit before us as we sit, facing her father's portrait, in the wainscoted dining-room of our moated grange. Neither the Mount, the Hall, nor the Court could preserve a life so dear; and, after a vain effort to keep her here below a little longer by residence abroad, she was laid to rest in Grasmere churchyard, where, three years later, in 1850, her father was placed by her side.

There is one other member of this united family party who, though "unknown to fame," was not undeserving of it. This was Mrs. Hutchinson's brother, John Monkhouse, known as "the blind agriculturist," a very remarkable man, who was much at Brinsop Court, and in his later years at Rydal Mount. We are told that after Wordsworth's death his widow also became blind, and it was a touching sight to see her and her blind cousin, Mr. Monkhouse, both in extreme old age, walking arm in arm about the spot where the poet had lived and wandered.

All this and much more recurs to us as we roam within and around this old moated court. Fresh inmates dwell here now, and Wordsworths and Hutchinsons are dead or scattered; still memory holds them by her invisible chords, and would

gently detain their unsubstantial presence where they have once been.

Not only here, however, where they habitually lived or visited, but in the old church where they worshipped, is the remembrance of them preserved. And if the Court is, in some sort, idyllic from old associations and modern surroundings, from its situation in the heart of nature and the pastoral occupations of its inhabitants, the church and schoolhouse are equally so. Situated within easy distance of the Court, they are also surrounded by woods and meads. The present vicar, the Rev. William Fowle, has restored the one and erected the other. Outside the picturesque schoolhouse is a merry-go-round, on which a dozen or more joyous children ride energetically together, their cheerful voices echoing to the quiet churchyard beyond. Within "God's acre" is a tombstone to a faithful female servant, who died at Brinsop Court while Wordsworth and his wife were paying their last visit there, in 1845. The turf of the churchyard is smoothly mown, and dotted and surrounded by evergreens. A seemly and quiet spot for Christian burial. Inside the ancient church is a memorial window to the poet who frequented it. This has been raised in the chancel by the vicar and a few friends; and it is refreshing in this exciting age to come upon a peaceful country oasis where one who sung so bravely and sweetly of God and nature is thus affectionately remembered. The vicar hopes soon to see a second memorial window in this interesting old church, to recall to this and future generations three other members of the Wordsworth family who also knelt within the sacred walls—the poet's wife, sister, and daughter—Mrs. Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth, and Dora Quillinan.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S LITERARY FACULTY.

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

No reader of Bismarck's diplomatic despatches or speeches in Parliament, even in the meagre reports of our daily papers, can have failed to be impressed by an extraordinary power of individual thought and expression widely differing from the ordinary style of such utterances. His most official statements are frequently interrupted by striking observations or turns of language—all the more impres-

sive as they are evidently unsought for — and in moments of excitement his language, written or spoken, frequently rises to a climax of primitive force and grandeur. But the real importance of Bismarck's literary achievements lies in a very different field. This side of his nature has hitherto been strangely neglected alike by the great statesman's eulogists and his defamers.

Bismarck's temperament — his complexion, as Smollett would say — is essentially that of a poet. I am not alluding here to the youthful efforts which the statesman is said to have offered at the shrine of the muse; nor to his well-known love for music or for nature. I speak of the absolute spontaneity with which he approaches the gravest problems of political science, and which leads him to conclusions glaringly at variance with the ordinary routine of statecraft, and not unfrequently with his own most cherished prejudices. When, for instance, as early as 1861 we find the Junker* and aristocrat by birth, and the violent Conservative by persuasion, throwing out the idea of a universal German Parliament, which the more enlightened statesman was some years later to carry out on the most democratic basis — universal suffrage — we must acknowledge a faculty of political intuition attributable to the *creative* mind alone.

Let us hear the testimony of his enemies on the subject. Count Arnim, the late Prussian ambassador in Paris, now an outlaw and an exile, stands foremost amongst the number. It once was his ambition to be Bismarck's successor, if possible his rival. This ambition extends even to the field of literature. Count Arnim, in his published despatches to the Foreign Office, evidently aims at terse-ness, wit, brilliancy, and power of expression, all qualities for which his great enemy is renowned. But the literary failure of the unfortunate count is almost as signal as his political. His smiles, such as "The clerical wine will be considerably modified by the water of political necessity," show signs of elaboration, and his historic parallels are sometimes far-fetched and little to the point. The account of his first reception by President MacMahon is chatty and amusing, but one never loses the impression of the diplomatist affecting the literary man. This is exactly the reverse with Bismarck. In "*Pro Nihilo*," the pamphlet published in Count Arnim's

defence, and most likely written, or at least immediately inspired, by himself, trying to explain a certain "psychological process" to which some of Prince Bismarck's utterances are said to owe their origin, the author, whoever he may be, proceeds: "To the prodigious qualities of the Imperial chancellor belongs that of not finding the truth from objectively established facts. He does not 'find' it — he 'creates' it. Intuition or inspiration shows the truth to this extraordinary intellect, and his intelligence, so extensively fertile in combinations, then groups the facts in such a manner that they serve as a basis for the first and frequently quite correct impression. The consciousness which had perhaps existed that the first impression rested upon his own or somebody else's inspiration recedes in the further course of the conception of truth from the energy which subordinates the reality of external facts to the creative power of the personal will."

The short meaning of this terribly involved sentence seems to be a charge against Bismarck of a strong tendency towards what is euphemistically called romancing. But what is that grouping of facts from a central point of vision but the birthright and primary function of the poet? He sees into the essence of things, although accidentals may escape him. And if this subjective vision proves true when applied to the realities of science or politics, what better, or indeed what other, criterion of the man's greatness can we demand? What *a priori* difference, indeed, is there between the empty dreamer and schemer and the wise statesman and philosopher? The event alone can decide. No great man can do without what philosophers might term the inductive faculty. The dry summing up of details is the work of the intellectual journeyman; the master looks to the whole. The late Mr. Buckle, most eminently a man of facts, says on this subject, speaking of the various developments of the modern mind: "In that field, which our posterity have yet to traverse, I firmly believe that the imagination will effect quite as much as the understanding. Our poetry will have to reinforce our logic, and we must feel as much as we must argue."

Another point dilated upon with intense delight by Bismarck's political adversaries is his early reactionary violence. M. Julian Klaczko, in his clever book, "*The Two Chancellors*," first published in the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, never tires of speaking of the anti-Liberal

* Reactionary country squire.

bearing of Bismarck in the first two legislative assemblies of Prussia, his hatred of constitutionalism in any form, his opposition to the liberty of the press, to the emancipation of the Jews, and other demands of the revolutionary epoch of 1848; his passionate adherence to Austria, at that time the great stronghold of reaction in Germany—sentiments strangely at variance with his later conduct. Bismarck's friends might cite the examples of most eminent statesmen of the age as precedents for such political inconsistency. But few eminent politicians would like to see a short hand account of their early speeches at the debating society, and, as Guizot has it, "*L'homme absurde seul ne change pas.*"

But to Bismarck's early Toryism there is a psychological side: referable, I think, to what I have ventured to call his poetic temperament. Bismarck's family traditions and early impressions were not wholly of a reactionary type. Paternally, it is true, he descended from an ancient and noble family, whose exaggerated loyalty sacrificed in the sixteenth century two of their fairest estates to the rapacity of their prince. But his mother, the intellectual leader of his father's household, was of gentle but not of noble birth—a distinction observed with the utmost strictness in Germany—and her father, Privy-Councillor Menken, was a statesman of the large-minded school of Frederick the Great. Bismarck also seems to have roused against himself the suspicion of latent Radicalism by occasional outbursts against the narrow-minded prejudices of his fellow Junkers in the Alt-Mark. But when, in 1847, he entered the Preliminary Diet of Prussia, the keen atmosphere of the revolutionary epoch gave a shock to his sensitive nature. Glib-tongued orators of the Liberal party, with whom the inexperienced young provincial felt himself unable to cope, assailed what appeared to him the sacred rights of monarchy and the very foundation of social order. Even the person of the sovereign was not exempted from the fierce attacks of the advanced democrats. The scenes in the streets of the capital were a counterpart of the angry debates of the Assembly. Infuriated mobs, citizen soldiers strutting along in the consciousness of their new dignity, were sights not altogether lovely in the eyes of the æsthetical and aristocratic observer. The young man's nature bristled up at such antagonistic sights. The loyal blood of the Bismarcks boiled in his veins. On one occasion he inflicted personal castiga-

tion on an unfortunate democrat who had spoken insultingly of the royal family in a public place. In the Chamber he defiantly proclaimed the rights of throne and altar; any concession to the current of the time he denounced as cowardice. Even to the predominance of Austria in German affairs he submitted without hesitation; she seemed to him Prussia's natural leader and ally in their common struggle with the Revolution. This, it must be remembered, was the "period of strife and stress" in his political life. When afterwards he gained wider views and experiences, when impulse—for impulse it mainly was—gave way to reason, he repented his errors, in what manner and to what degree the history of Europe can testify. An amusing incident belonging to the early period of Bismarck's career may conclude this part of the subject. It is connected with his maiden speech, received by his audience with similar shouts of laughter and indignation to those which roused the ire of the youthful member for Maidstone. Bismarck did not, like Lord Beaconsfield, hurl a prophecy of future success at his antagonists, but his retort was none the less significant. Calmly he drew a newspaper from his pocket and began perusing its contents in the most unconcerned manner until the president had restored order. So much as to Bismarck's political career; too much, the reader perhaps will say, considering the professedly unpolitical character of this paper. But it was important to show that even in the practical concerns of statesmanship Bismarck could not wholly suppress that poetical germ of his nature which in another field was to bring forth rich fruit.

Prince Bismarck is not an author. He may be classed amongst Carlyle's "great silent ones," as far as literary utterance is concerned. A collection of his speeches, which is in the course of publication, has been made from the notes of the shorthand writers without his coöperation, as far as appears. But in 1868 appeared a work somewhat pretentiously called "*The Book of Count Bismarck*," by Herr Heskien, a Conservative novelist of some repute, which contained, together with a mass of ill-arranged and mostly anecdotal biographical material, a number of private letters, by the Prussian statesman, to his wife and his only and much-beloved sister, Frau von Arnim.* The question why pri-

* An English version of this book has been made in the slipshod manner in which such work is unfortunately but too frequently done amongst us. The style

vate letters of the most intimate kind have been trusted to such an editor, does not concern us here. We simply have to consider them as literary documents of rare interest.

I have spoken of Bismarck as a man of impulse, a poet. Using the word now in its more proper meaning, I should say that his poetic gift, as evinced in these letters, lies chiefly in two striking features—a remarkable amount of quiet humor and an infinitely tender, almost lyrical, sympathy with the beauties of nature. To characterize Bismarck's humor, one might say that it has a touch of Sterne in it. Not of Sterne's satire and fanciful extravagance, but of the subtle touches of realism with which that unrivalled prose poet brings before us the life, the thoughts, the conversations, and little eccentricities of a couple of English country gentlemen. A somewhat similar kind of minute humorous observation—although, of course, in a much lesser degree of literary perfection—is observable in the letters which Bismarck addressed to his sister from his rural solitude. At that time he was a disappointed man. He had tried the army and the civil service without much satisfaction to himself or others. The estate of his father in Pomerania, which he had undertaken to manage, was encumbered with mortgages. Congenial society also could hardly be found amongst the feudal nobles of that province, or of Alt-Mark, compared with whom a Conservative squire of Bucks or Huntingdonshire would be a model of social enlightenment and political progressiveness. At times Bismarck tried to out-Herod Herod. His feats in the hunting-field and at drinking-bouts, where a horrid mixture of stout and champagne was quaffed by the bumper, earned him the nickname of "*der tolle Bismarck*"—that is, mad or wild Bismarck. A story of a number of young foxes being suddenly let loose in the drawing-room to frighten the female cousins reminds one of Tony Lumpkin's practical jocularities. But moody reaction followed such fits of artificial buoyancy. Bismarck would disappear for days amongst the woods of his estate, or lock himself up in his closet, poring over numberless volumes of miscellaneous literature. Even Spinoza he explored to find "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy," with what result may be imagined. At one

time, it is said, he had made up his mind to say good-bye to his native land and seek his fortune in India.

There is, however, nothing of bitterness or disappointed egotism in his letters of this period. They are written in a spirit of *bonhomie* mixed with gentle self-irony and an occasional indication of impatience and discontentment. What, for instance, can be more thoroughly good-natured than the humor with which Bismarck describes the "farce of shooting the fox," daily performed by the simple-minded father and most patiently endured by the son? or what more tenderly filial than the closing passages of the same note addressed to his sister, where he reminds her to give a few more details of her daily life in her letters to the old gentleman? "Tell him who has called on you and on whom you have called, what you have had for dinner, how your horses are, how the servants behave, whether the doors creak and the windows are weather-tight—in short, *facts!* Also he does not like to be called papa, having a particular objection to that term." A Dutch painter could not have hit off more perfectly the good-natured country gentleman of the old school walking his preserves and sheep-pens and winding up his old-fashioned clocks than Bismarck has done in a few touches.

"Madame," he says, addressing his sister in 1845, evidently in imitation of one of Heine's favorite mannerisms, "I can hardly resist the temptation to fill an entire letter with agricultural complaints, night frosts, sick cattle, bad rape and bad roads, dead lambs, hungry sheep, want of straw, fodder, money, potatoes, and manure; in addition, John is whistling outside a most infamous polka-tune both falsely and pertinaciously, and I am not cruel enough to stop him, knowing that he is trying to soothe his violent love trouble by means of music. The ideal of his dreams, by the persuasion of her parents, has given him the *congé*, and married a carpenter: exactly my case but for the carpenter, who is still rumbling in the lap of futurity. However, I must get married, Devil take me, that's clear. For since father's departure I am lonely and alone, and this mild, damp weather makes me feel melancholy and longingly loving. It is no use contending. I must marry Miss — after all; every one says so, and nothing is more natural, as we have both been left behind. It is true she leaves me cold, but then they all do that. . . . When I came from Angermünde the waves of the River Zam-

of the narrative had not much to lose by the process, but the peculiar charm of the letters has, of course, been obliterated entirely. Moreover mistakes abound throughout the volume.

pel separated me from Kniephof, and as no one would trust me with horses I had to stop the night at Naugard with a number of travellers, commercial and otherwise, all waiting for the abating of the waters. After that the bridges of the Zampel were torn away; so that Knobelsdorf [a friend of Bismarck] and myself, the regents of two great counties [alluding to an appointment he held in his province], were enclosed in a little spot of earth by the waves, while an interregnum of anarchy prevailed from Schievelbein to Damm. As late as one o'clock one of my carts with three casks of spirits was carried away by the floods, and in my affluent of the Zampel a carter with his horse was drowned; I am proud to relate."

At this passage M. Klaczko in the clever pamphlet already alluded to utters a shriek of horror. With an elegant allusion to another flood—a sea of human blood, shed of course by Bismarck's fault alone, in France—he points out the brutality of the joke at the expense of an ill-fated menial. But really there is no brutality at all in the case. In connection with the drowned carter, Bismarck goes on to detail several other misfortunes of equal importance. Some houses have tumbled down; a landowner in the neighborhood has hanged himself from desperation at the want of fodder. "An eventful year!" Bismarck exclaims: he is simply mocking and chafing at the narrowness of his circle of vision, in which the commonplace occurrences of life have to stand for historic events. That the life of a servant was not a matter of trifling to him he had shown previously, when with considerable personal danger he saved his groom from drowning. The medal awarded to him for this brave deed was for some time Bismarck's only order. A diplomatist who inquired somewhat superciliously after the meaning of the unpretending decoration Bismarck silenced with the *nonchalant* reply, "I am sometimes in the habit of saving a person's life."

Numerous other letters of a similar character might be cited, one in especial dated 1850, in which Bismarck, who in the mean time had married Fraulein Johanna von Puttkammer, describes his troubles as *paterfamilias* on a trip to the seaside; the company including, besides himself and Frau von Bismarck, two squalling children with a corresponding number of tuneful nursemaids. Matrimonial Britons ought to take example by the great chancellor's heavenly patience. In 1851 Bismarck was appointed Prussian ambas-

sador to the German Diet at Frankfort-on-the-Main, then just re-emerging from the storms of the Revolution. The influence of Austria, which lorded it over the minor potentates of Germany and suppressed the remainder of Liberal feeling in the southern states with an iron hand, was quite in accordance with Bismarck's political views at the time. For diplomacy and statecraft in the abstract he also felt a deep reverence. But soon after his arrival at Frankfort the scales fell from his eyes. With indignation he recognized the humiliating position of his own country, and partly, no doubt, to this sudden reaction in his whole feeling is due the utter contempt with which he speaks of the doings and intrigues of his brother diplomatists. These feelings are expressed with wonderful force of utterance in a remarkable letter to his wife (Frankfort, May 18, 1851), too long to quote here, but well worth the attention of the reader, particularly at the present moment. "Unless external events supervene," he writes, "I can tell you now what we are going to achieve in the next one, two, or five years, and, indeed, will undertake to achieve it myself in twenty-four hours if only the others would be sincere and reasonable for a single day. I always knew that they were cooking with water, but I am surprised at this sober, silly, watery broth, in which there is not a speck of fat to be seen. Forward me Schulze (village mayor), X., or Herr von —ski from the turnpike house, and I will turn them into first-rate diplomats."

From the irksomeness of his office Bismarck escaped as frequently as possible into the quietude of the country, which in the neighborhood of Frankfort is fertile and beautiful. In one of his letters from this period he describes a delightful swim at night in the Rhine. His description of the woody mountain-tops and the battlements of castle ruins lit up by the moon is instinct with the spirit of romanticism. Descriptions of beautiful scenery of the most varied kind abound in Bismarck's letters. Wherever he went on his diplomatic wanderings—to Vienna, to the south of France, to St. Petersburg and Holland—the letters to his wife give a running commentary of his travelling impressions. Even from the battlefields of Bohemia and France he sends her hurried scraps to say what he has seen and done and felt. As biographical records these are invaluable; but even forgetting the historic import of the man and the date one can hardly read without interest

and sympathy a passage from a letter to his wife written on the eve of the battle of Sadowa, which, after a hurried account of the events of the previous days, he concludes: "Greet every one cordially. Send me a novel, but one at a time only. God be with you. Just received your letter; thousand thanks. I can feel with you the calm after we had left. Here in this throng of events one cannot realize the situation, except perhaps at night in bed." What epic poet could have drawn a great statesman and leader of the people in the midst of events of which he is the primary cause — seeking an hour's forgetfulness in a work of fiction, but never losing the thought of wife and home — with more graphic touches than is done unconsciously in these few broken lines?

To return to Bismarck's love of nature, it ought to be mentioned that, unlike many Germans, he is passionately fond of the sea. Even to so dull a place as Ostend he looks back "with longing," "for there," he writes, "I have met again an old love, quite unchanged and quite as beautiful as at our first acquaintance. I feel the separation bitterly, and look forward with impatience to the moment when, at Norderney, I may rest again on her heaving bosom; I can hardly understand how one can live away from the sea." A piece of landscape painting from a very different region is the only further specimen of Bismarck's descriptive power which the limits of space will allow me to quote. In the early autumn of 1862 he made a short tour to the south of France previously to assuming the office of prime minister. His letters to his wife are resplendent with air and light of southern seas and skies. Here is one dated Luchon, September 9th, 1862: "The day before yesterday we ascended from here the Col de Venasque: first two hours through splendid beech forest, full of ivy, rocks, and waterfalls; after that a hospitium, then again two hours' steep ascent on horseback over the snow, with views into the distance, still, deep lakes among snow and cliffs. At a height of seventy-five hundred feet there opens in the pointed crest of the Pyrenees a narrow gate through which one enters Spain. The land of chestnuts and palms presents the appearance of a mountain gorge surrounded by the Maladetta, in front of us Pic de Sauvegarde and Pic de Picade. To the right flow streams towards the Ebro, to the left towards the Garonne; and on the horizon rises up one glacier and snow-covered peak behind the other far into Catalonia and Aragon. Here we

breakfasted on a slight acclivity of the rocks — red partridges without salt or water — and afterwards rode downwards again on giddy mountain paths, but with splendid weather . . . To-day we saw the lake of Oo — a mountain gorge like the upper lake at Berchtesgaden, but enlivened by a tremendous waterfall rushing into it. We went on the lake singing French chansons and Mendelssohn — that is to say, I listened. After that we rode home in a storm of rain, and are now dry and hungry again."

It was during this tour in the south of France that Bismarck at Avignon picked on the grave of Laura the olive branch which soon afterwards he offered to the indignant Radicals of the Prussian Chamber as a symbol of his conciliatory feeling. He also met Napoleon, with whom on this and later occasions he lived on the friendliest terms. Bismarck seems to have exercised a kind of fascination over the mind of the emperor, who half incredulously, half admiringly, listened to his vast schemes. The same charm of the Prussian statesman's personality has been experienced by many different people under different conditions. Even Jules Favre submitted to it when, during the siege of Paris, he met the enemy of his country, and M. Thiers supplied the clue to the phenomenon by calling Bismarck, somewhat uncomplimentarily, "*un sauvage plein de génie*," using the word "*sauvage*" in the sense of an impulsive nature untamed by the fetters of conventionality or diplomatic usage. Who has ever heard of Metternich or Talleyrand inspiring personal sympathy or even personal hatred? There is of course a reverse to the medal. The impulsiveness and irritability of Bismarck's nature have not unfrequently led him into personal squabbles unworthy of his position alike as a statesman and an individual. In such moments he drops the extreme and cordial politeness of his ordinary bearing, and one is not astonished at reading that even so bold a man as Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent in the Prussian camp, did not relish the idea of facing Bismarck's wrath at Versailles.

It is true that in moments of excitement Bismarck becomes all but an orator. His ordinary speaking is by no means perfect. There is in his delivery nothing of Mr. Gladstone's wonderful smoothness and readiness of parlance. Bismarck's utterance resembles clock-work. He says a certain number of words, stops for a second regardless of comma or colon, and takes up the sentence again where he left

it. But under the influence of personal feeling the stream of his words flows more rapidly. His huge form seems to tremble under the storms of passion, and the impression is powerful, although not always pleasant. His personal sallies and the way he utters them somewhat remind one of Mr. Lowe.

It remains to refer briefly to the numerous happy and unhappy sayings which, with Bismarck's signature affixed, have become truly "winged words." Some of these, like the combinations of "blood and iron," and the no less celebrated phrase of "Might goes before right," he distinctly repudiates. Others have been erroneously fathered upon him. The unpleasant *bon-mot* about "letting the Parisians simmer in their own gravy" is by no means an invention of Bismarck's, but simply a very common German proverb somewhat brutally applied to the unfortunate city. The story of Bismarck having replied to the anxious query of Count Karolyi, if he intended to break the treaty of Gastein, "No; but if I had that intention should I answer you otherwise?" is, if not true, at least well invented. The cynicism of truth is decidedly one of the characteristic features of Bismarck's diplomatic action. The description of Napoleon as the "embodiment of misunderstood incapacity," at a time when the world looked up to the Tuileries as the modern Delphi, shows psychological foresight. But the best, because the simplest, of Bismarck's "happy thoughts" is perhaps his observation with regard to Nicholsburg, the splendid castle of Count Mensdorf, where the preliminary treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia was signed. "My old mansion of Schönhausen," he said, "is certainly very insignificant compared with this magnificent building. A good thing, therefore, that we are at Count Mensdorf's, and not he at my house."

It has been my wish in this brief paper to indicate rather than to prove a literary vein in the great statesman's intellect. The reader whose interest in the matter is roused is referred to the original sources. It may be said that in the best case a parcel of clever letters is a slender foundation for a position in literature. But does quantity alone decide the question? Walpole's idea of cataloguing royal and noble authors as such is not quite so snobbish as appears at first sight. An author whom his position seems to exclude from ordinary literary competition is always a phenomenon of some interest. His desire for literary fame must at least be genuine.

As regards Bismarck, he will, with his few spontaneous effusions, perhaps stand a better chance with posterity than other statesmen whose literary productions fill a moderate-sized bookcase.

From Good Words.

SELF-HELP IN SCIENCE.

THERE was great excitement in the straggling Fifeshire village of Kettle one day in the spring of 1816. The inhabitants were all active, searching here, searching there, and going out in bands in this and that direction. A toddling child had gone astray, and could not be found, had perhaps been carried off by the gypsies, as Adam Smith had been; and the concern and grief of one couple was made common to all, as is the wont of villages, in spite of gossip and petty strifes, at less exciting times. But no child rewarded the eager searchers, though they had even met with blows at the suspected gypsy's encampment. When hope had almost been abandoned, and it seemed hardly possible to do more, in rushed the pig-wife to the father's house, crying, as she threw the child, safe and sound, into the mother's arms, "There, woman, there's your bairn! but for God's sake keep him awa' frae yon place or he may fare waur next time." The infant, who had already shown a keen love of animals and great courage and determination in handling them, had several times been found eagerly looking through the bars at a young litter. He had in some way got to gratify curiosity by nearer scrutiny, and had been for a whole night beside them. The adventure, odd and even ludicrous as are its circumstances, may be said to typify the life of the hero, as finding nothing in nature that is common or unclean, or unworthy of kindly interest, pursuing his studies in face of all obstacles and warnings "to keep awa' frae yon place," and doulcely seeking to make a home with nature in her less accessible corners without thought of object beyond the delights of new knowledge.

Thomas Edward, with whom Mr. Smiles has done well to make the world fully acquainted in his latest work,* will take high rank among self-helpers. We

* "Life of a Scottish Naturalist: Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnean Society." By Samuel Smiles. Author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Self-Help," etc. Portrait and Illustrations by George Reid, A.R.S.A. John Murray.

can scarcely imagine what he might have done had he been blessed with more sympathy in his chosen pursuit while young, and expressly educated for it. Nevertheless, though illiterate, lonely, and poor, he has accomplished a great work, and his life is perhaps as deserving of study on account of the faithfulness, patience, and self-denial that have characterized it, as for the direct contributions he has made to science, and these are by no means small. The son of a weaver who had become a militiaman in the days when the thought of Napoleon was a nightmare on men's minds, Thomas Edward was born in 1814, at Gosport, where his father was stationed. After the disembodiment of the militia, the Edwards returned to Kettle, the mother's native place; but work being hard to find there, they resolved after a short time to go to Aberdeen. Here, being close to the Inches (which some sixty years ago were green and beautiful), the child found an inexhaustible field for observation. Each new creature he made acquaintance with he yearned to catch and to make a pet of. Before he was four years of age, his mother had been involved in difficulties with the neighbors through his "vermin." He brought home beetles, tadpoles, frogs, stickle-backs, crabs, rats, newts, hedgehogs, horseleeches, and birds of many kinds.

The fishes and birds [Mr. Smiles says] were easily kept; but as there was no secure place for the puddocks, horse-leeches, rats, and such like—they usually made their escape into the adjoining houses, where they were by no means welcome guests. The neighbors complained of the venomous creatures which the young naturalist was continually bringing home. The horse-leeches crawled up their legs, and stuck to them, fetching blood; the puddocks and asks roamed about the floors; and the beetles, moles, and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them. The boy was expostulated with. His mother threw out all his horse-leeches, crabs, birds, and birds' nests; and he was strictly forbidden to bring such things into the house again. But it was of no use. The next time that he went out to play, he brought home as many "beasts" as before. He was then threatened with corporal punishment. But that very night he brought home a nest of young rats. He was then flogged. But it did him no good. The disease, if it might be so called, was so firmly rooted in him, as to be entirely beyond the power of outward appliances.

If Tom were sent a message it was odds but some bird or fine butterfly or other insect caught his eye and he was off in

chase, forgetful of his charges. When set down to rock the cradle as his mother was filling her husband's pirns (reels) or otherwise engaged, he escaped, as if at the prompting of some irrepressible instinct. His father threatened to confine him to the house, and tried it, with no avail—for the sun shone out of doors and all creatures were abroad, as if whispering to Tom to come and join them; then he was actually tied, but he loosed his bands by dragging the heavy table close to the grate, and thus setting fire to them, and almost to the house itself, in the process. His clothes were next taken from him and carried by his father to his workshop; but Tom tied an old petticoat round him, and was off to the woods—the strangest spectacle! When he came home his father threatened to chain him. "But," replied Tom, "ye hinna a cooch!"*—for he had no notion of anything being chained but dogs. "Never mind," said his father, "I'll chain you."

But there was no need for that next day, nor the next. Tom's exposure in the petticoat had brought on a fever, which kept him down for three months, and the first thing he spoke of was his beasts. "Mother, where are my crabs and bandies that I brought home last night?" "Crabs and bandies," said she; "you're surely gaun gyte [become insane]; it's three months sin ye war oot." This passed the boy's comprehension. His next question was, "Has my father gotten the chains yet?" "Na, laddie, nor winna; but ye mauna gang back to your auld places for beasts again." "But where's a' my things, mother?" "They're awa. The two bottoms of broken bottles we found in the entry the day you fell ill were both thrown out." "And the shrew mouse you had in the boxie?" "Calton [the cat] took it." This set the boy crying, and in that state he fell asleep, and did not waken till late next morning, when he felt considerably better. He still continued, however, to make inquiries after his beasts.

His father after this was inclined to take a less severe view of his erratic ways, and would sometimes go for short walks, when the boy would assail him with questions that he could not answer about the rocks, and how they came there, and many other matters. Tom now formed parties of boys, with which he wandered in the woods or by the seashore; but he always found it possible to escape from them when anything special attracted his

* A dog-kennel.

attention, and he desired to follow it. One of the most notable of these early escapades was his taking off his shirt to wrap in it a paper bees' byke (nest), which was new to him, and which he thus conveyed home; but on its being observed that he was shirtless, he came very near to getting beaten, and had his wasps' nest destroyed before his eyes.

He was next sent to a dame's school; but his habit of taking tame rats, mice, and other creatures there in his pockets became intolerable to the mistress. A crises came through a tame "kae," or jackdaw, which his mother one day sent him out with, under orders not to bring it back to the house again. He could not find it in his heart to part with the "kae," and carried it to school, hid in his trousers. But the "kae," failing to accommodate itself to his altered position when he knelt down at prayer, disturbed the school by its sudden *cre-waw! cre-waw!* set the children all laughing, and caused him to be expelled in spite of the friendship that existed between the teacher and his mother. It was the same at two other schools of more importance. Against all his good resolutions, the temptation not to lose the chance of getting a rare bird or beast always proved too much for him. Before he was six years old he was declared utterly incorrigible and hopeless, and his parents soon after were glad to get work for him in a tobacco-factory, at which he could earn two shillings a week. They thought that he was falling into idle ways in his rovings and gatherings of "vermin." Here he met with some encouragement from his master, as he was fond of birds. But before he was eight the consideration of larger wages, and the prospect of extending his field of observation, caused him to seek work at a mill about a couple of miles from Aberdeen. Though he had to rise at four in the morning, so as to be at the mill by five, and was seldom home till nine in the evening, and with but short meal-hours, he was happy and contented at Grandholm Mill. The wages were from three to four shillings a week, rising to five or six. Edward says:—

People may say of factories what they please, but I liked this factory. It was a happy time for me whilst I remained there. It was situated in the centre of a beautiful valley, almost embowered amongst tall and luxuriant hedges of hawthorn, with watercourses and shadowy trees between, and large woods and plantations beyond. It teemed with nature and natural objects. The woods were easy of

access during our meal-hours. What lots of nests! What insects, wild-flowers, and plants, the like of which I had never seen before! Prominent amongst the birds was the sedge-warbler,* which lay concealed in the reedy copses, or by the margin of the mill-lades. Oh, how I wondered at the little thing; how it contrived to imitate all the other birds I had ever heard, and none to greater perfection than the chirrup of my old and special favorite the swallow.

When he first saw a kingfisher the sight was like a revelation—an introduction to a world of poetry. But, as in poetry, illusion and reality lie near each other, so his simple account of his chase after it actually reads like a parable of life and its dreams.

But this delightful life could not last. When he was barely eleven his father apprenticed him to a man named Begg, a drunken shoemaker, who had a particular dislike to his natural-history pursuits, and beat him so mercilessly in his mad fits that the boy at last refused to go back, and ran off, making his way on foot to his mother's relatives at Kettle, who, however, so little relished the new accession, that he had to return home again, as he had come, somewhat humbled.

He now agreed to finish his apprenticeship with a man in Shoe Lane. In addition to his pupil-money, his employer received a percentage of his earnings. Here Edward was in a measure his own master, and pursued his studies, managing to begin a botanical garden, which he stocked with rare wild-flowers. He saw birds and animals stuffed in the gunsmiths' windows, and tried his hand on a mole, of which he was not a little proud. Having finished his apprenticeship, he got steady work for a time at set wages, and would have gone on with some degree of content, although he never liked his trade, had not a slack period come. He was thrown out of work, and his funds ran down. He tried to stow himself away in a ship for America, but, as the vessel was rigorously searched before sailing, he had to come forth.

His next step was to enlist in the Aberdeenshire militia, but we can infer that the military drill was not much to his taste. He nearly incurred severe penalties for breaking the ranks when a rare butterfly flitted past during parade. He was only saved by the earnest appeal of a lady friend of the officer in command. He

* Called also the English mocking-bird and Scottish nightingale.

disliked his trade so much that he tried several things (he was a church beadle for a short period), but in his twentieth year he could not see any prospect of a better opening in Aberdeen, and removed to Banff, where he had found work. His landlady was greatly puzzled by him, as well as his shopmates, who were often brought into rather close neighborhood to his favorites; her excessive carefulness compelling him to make his stool serve for a repository. She said, "She didna ken fat [what] kind o' chiel he was. A' body tried to keep awa' frae vermin but himsel'."

He married when only twenty-three years of age a sensible Banff woman who so far understood him, and helped him, and did not banish his "vermin;" and though she had good cause to appreciate his sobriety, for, in spite of advice, he never took whiskey with him in his rambles, she could not but have agreed so far with his drunken fellow-workmen, when they spoke of him as "a queer wanderin' kind o' creature." He now began seriously to collect, since he had room to keep. "It was indispensably necessary for him to husband carefully both his time and his money, so as to make the most of the one and the best of the other. And in order the better to accomplish this, he resolved never to spend a moment idly nor a penny uselessly;" a resolution from which he never departed. His wages were only 9s. 6d. a week, so that he could not abridge his working-hours.

He had bought an old gun for four-and-sixpence; but it was so rickety that he had to tie the barrel to the stock with a piece of thick twine. He carried his powder in a horn, and measured out the charges with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. His shot was contained in a brown paper bag. A few insect-bottles of middling size, some boxes for containing moths and butterflies, and a botanical book for putting his plants in, constituted his equipment.

He did not cease work till nine at night, and commenced it at six in the morning. The moment he was free he set out on his rounds, with his supper in his hands or in his pocket. The nearest spring furnished him with sufficient drink.

So long as it was light, he scoured the country, looking for moths or beetles, or plants or birds, or any living thing that came in his way. When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept till the light returned. Then he got up and again

began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labor. It was no unusual circumstance for him—when he had wandered too far, and came upon some more than usually attractive spot—to strip himself of his gear, gun and all, which he would hide in some hole; and thus lightened of everything, except his specimens, take to his heels and run at the top of his speed, in order to be at his work at the proper time. . . . His neighbor used to say of him, "It's a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house."

Sometimes he was caught in severe rain-storms on lonely moors, and before he could find shelter his insufficient pill-boxes had given way with the wet, and he presented the aspect of a vagrant so overrun with vermin that the good people into whose houses he went ran away from him in fright. Often all the bed he could get was to drop feet-foremost into a hole in a bank. "Think of having a polecat or a weasel sniff-sniffing at your face while asleep! Or two or three big rats tug-tugging at your pockets, and attempting to steal away your larder! These visitors, however, did not always prove an annoyance. On the contrary, they sometimes proved a windfall; for when they came within reach, they were suddenly seized, examined, and, if found necessary, killed, stuffed, and added to the collection." Many were the adventures he thus had with creatures of the night—polecats, otters, and rats. With owls and other night-birds he was abundantly familiar, and from night observations he was able even to note some new facts about so well-known an animal as the rabbit.

He divided the district into three circuits—six miles along the coast one way, and about five the other, and a radius of some five miles inland; and, though he could only visit one circuit on one night, each of them was visited twice a week, and his nets and other repositories he had set down for securing prey were carefully searched. But he was considerate, and tried to save the creatures all needless pain, using chloroform, which he always carried with him. It is worth noting, too, that, scant of time as he was, he faithfully kept the Sabbath, which was no doubt in favor of health, not to speak of higher things.

When he was by stress of weather hindered from going abroad, he devoted his time to making cases for his specimens, many hundreds of which he finished at one time or other in his life. But these did not always protect him from pillage.

After having, with great labor, placed his collection (numbering nearly a thousand) of insects in these cases, and stowed them away in the garret, what must have been his feelings when, on going to take them out again, he found that they had all been gnawed away by rats or mice? His wife, on seeing the empty cases, asked him what he was to do next. "Weal," said he, "it's an awfu' disappointment; but, I think, the best thing will be to set to work and fill them up again." And he did; so that in 1845 he was able to give an exhibition in Banff, with such favorable results that he listened to the advice of friends to transport the collection to Aberdeen, and exhibit it there. With much anxiety a shop was rented for the purpose. At much expense and labor the collection was transported to the "granite city." But, though the exhibition was visited by a few scientific persons who could not credit that he had himself made the collection, the crowd did not rush to it, though in view of them he had reduced the price of admission to one penny. Dr. Macgillivray, the well-known naturalist, was delighted, but told Edward that the people of Aberdeen were not yet prepared for such an exhibition, especially that it was the work of so poor a man, and said he had come a century too soon. Another of the visitors was that very lady who, in the days of militia drill, had by her appeals saved him from punishment for breaking the ranks in pursuit of the butterfly. She asked him to her house to meet some scientific people, but his shyness and the distressing circumstances in which he was placed made him decline to go. Debt was above all things hateful to him. With all drawbacks, he had hitherto kept clear of it. But ruin now stared him in the face. He was deep in debt; and a stranger in a strange place. No wonder that he was depressed in spirit. He actually yielded to a melancholy suggestion, and was very near to committing a tragically rash act. His ruling passion saved him; but the incident is so touching that we must give it:—

He had thrown off his hat, coat, and waistcoat before rushing into the sea; when a flock of sanderlings lit upon the sand near him. They attracted his attention. They were running to and fro, some piping their low shrill whistle, whilst others were probing the wet sand with their bills, as the waves receded. But amongst them was another bird, larger and darker, and apparently of different habits to the others. Desirous of knowing something more of the nature of this bird, he ap-

proached the sanderlings. They rose and flew away. He followed them. They lit again, and again he observed the birds as before. Away they went, and he after them. At length he was stopped at Donmouth. When he recovered his consciousness, he was watching the flock of birds flying away to the further side of the river. He had forgotten all his miseries in his intense love of nature.

Calmer and brighter thoughts now came back, and with them new energy. He advertised his collection for sale, and sold it, paid his debts, and returned to Banff, to begin anew his work of shoemaking and collecting. Very much the same life was carried on as before, and by the year 1850 he had made another collection, in some respects surpassing the first one. But, owing to an unfortunate fall over a steep cliff, the effect of which confined him to bed for a month, he was compelled to sell the greater part of it. Luckily about this time, he made the acquaintance of the Rev. James Smith, of Monquhitter, who lent him books, and otherwise aided him. Under this genial encouragement, he pursued his researches, till, in 1858, he had formed a third collection, more valuable than either of his former ones. For many years, through lack of books, he had been under the necessity of sending his specimens to others at a distance to be named; and it had so often happened that such specimens were never returned to him, that he had learned never to part with his discoveries unless he had duplicates of what he sent away. But now he had done much to improve his education, and, though he was indefatigable in following out his old system, he devoted a part of his time to recording his observations. These were at first inserted in the *Banffshire Journal*, and afterwards, at Mr. Smith's suggestion, in the *Zoologist*, and attracted considerable attention.

It was fortunate for him that he had been able to form this third collection; for it was the only provision he had against misfortune. He had educated his family well; and how could he save anything? In 1858, misfortune came; he was taken seriously ill. He had before this time had frequent twinges of rheumatism, and had not materially altered his ways; but now the doctor shook his head, and gravely warned him. He was told that, although his constitution was originally sound and healthy, it had, by constant exertion and exposure to wet and cold, become impaired to a much greater degree than had at first been supposed. He was also distinctly warned that if he didn't at once desist

from his nightly wanderings, his life would not be worth a farthing. "Here," adds Mr. Smiles, "it appeared, was to be the end of his labors in natural history."

To get wherewithal to pay the doctor and the bills that had accumulated during his illness, his only hope lay in the sale of his third collection. Accordingly it went, as the others had done. "Upwards of forty cases of birds were sold, together with three hundred specimens of mosses and marine plants, with other objects not contained in cases. When these were sold Edward lost all hopes of ever being able to replenish his shattered collection." But a measure of strength returned, and not only did he, to some extent, replenish his stock, but he won honors in a new field. He had been introduced to Mr. Spence Bate, who, in conjunction with Mr. Westwood, was engaged in writing the account of the "Sessile-eyed Crustacæ," and to the Rev. Mr. Merle Norman, a well-known zoologist. In order to aid them, he was led to devote himself more particularly to marine zoology. He had no trawling or other gear, but he set traps in the pools at the seaside; he went along the shore and picked up the wreck from the wave; he sent his daughters for miles along the coast to get the waste from the fishermen's nets and lines, which, after much importuning, they had promised to keep for him. As the record of many falls and bruises conclusively tells that no cliff or scarp was left unscaled when he was in chase of a much-wanted specimen, so now no pool, however deep, could stop his way when he wanted a rare crab, or fish, or fish-parasite. The value of the contributions which he was able to make to science in this particular department are fully recognized in the valued works of Messrs. Bate and Westwood and Mr. Norman. In recognition of his services to science, a few years ago, he received the honor of an associateship of the Linnean Society, and was made a member of one or two other scientific societies in Scotland. Various efforts were at one time or other made to get some unimportant scientific post for him: he tried photography; applied even for a berth as a police-officer, or tide-waiter. None of these things were successful. The only tangible recognition of his scientific merits is the curatorship of the Banff Museum with a salary of £4 per annum. In face of the ignorant perversities of others, he has done good service in preserving some of its most valuable antiquities — of which the "Auld Been,"

which has a history, is not the least prominent.

Mr. Smiles does not need to apologize for writing the life of such a man because he still lives. His own shyness and modesty have prevented him from gaining the recognition and reward which he might have secured, and surely no liberal-minded man will grudge him the benefit of being "put into a book." He well deserves the exceptional honor. We sincerely trust that the Banff folk will pleasantly disappoint his over-modest expectations, and buy many copies; and that in later editions it will hardly be correct to end the volume with the words that conclude the present edition: —

"HERE I AM STILL on the old boards, doing what little I can, with the aid of my well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family; with the certainty that, instead of my getting the better of the lapstone and leather, they will very soon get the better of me. And although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of nature, as exhibited in the incomparable works of our adorable Creator."

H. A. PAGE.

From Nature.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES AT MYCENÆ.

OF all the archæological discoveries which this nineteenth century has witnessed, that which Dr. Schliemann has just reported from Mycenæ will certainly be regarded as among the most important. Indeed, as throwing a light on those early days of Greece, the glories of which are reflected in the Homeric poems, it will stand pre-eminent, and cast even the researches made by the same ardent explorer at Hissarlik into the shade. There was in that case always some degree of uncertainty, and even his most sincere admirers and sympathizers could not but feel that among the successively disinterred cities it was doubtful which, if indeed any, was the Troy of the Iliad, and whether "the treasure of Priam" was in reality that of the unburred father of Hector.

At Mycenæ, on the contrary, the claim of the ruins which bear that name to be regarded as the representatives of the ancient city founded by Perseus, the mas-

sive walls of which were built by the Cyclopes, appears to be indisputable. It is true that Strabo relates that not a vestige of the town had survived to his time, but the account of Pausanias fully identifies the spot where modern geographers place Mycenæ as having been in his days the traditional site of the city.

"In returning to Tretus on the way to Argos, the ruins of Mycenæ are," he says, "seen on the left, nor is there anything recorded of greater antiquity in the whole of Argolis. When Inachus was king he called the river which flows by after his name, and consecrated it to Juno. In the ruins of Mycenæ is the fountain called Perseia. There are also the underground buildings of Atreus and his sons, in which were kept their treasures. There is, too, the tomb of Atreus and of all those whom Ægistheus slew at the banquet after their return with Agamemnon from Troy. As to the tomb of Cassandra, it is disputed by the Lacedæmonians who live about Amychi. But there is the tomb of Atreus himself and of the charioteer Eurymedon, and that in which Teledamus and Pelops lie together (who were the twin sons of Cassandra, and were slaughtered as infants by Ægistheus at their parents' tomb), and the grave of Electra. But Clytemnestra and Ægistheus were buried a little without the walls as they were not thought worthy to be interred within, where Agamemnon himself, and those who were slain with him, lie."

Such was the legend seventeen hundred years ago, and making all allowance for the reconstruction of history or legend to which local guides are so prone, there is enough to show that a strong tradition remained upon the spot of an early race of kings whose deeds were famous in the then remote days when the *Iliad* was composed.

Even now the gate with the lions still stands in the Cyclopean walls, the subterranean buildings and various sepulchres still exist, and the tradition of the treasures of Atreus and his sons appears not to have been without a good foundation. Who were the occupants of the tombs now rifled by Dr. Schliemann must of course be conjectured, but he seems to have brought to light more than one of the kings of the golden city, more than one βασιλεῖα πολέχρυσου Μυκηνῆς.

Until we receive photographs of the various objects discovered in the tombs it is idle to speculate upon their forms, which are of course but vaguely described in a hurried account such as that furnished to

the *Times* by Dr. Schliemann. Though many of them appear to be novel in character and the general contents of the graves rich beyond all comparison, yet the results of the excavations do not as yet appear to be at all out of harmony with what might have been predicated of the contents of a royal tomb belonging to what prehistoric archæologists would term the close of the bronze period of Greece — a country where notoriously much allowance must be made for Egyptian influences. The bronze knife, the curious bronze dagger, the bronze swords and lances, the former having scabbards ornamented with gold, the gold-covered buttons, which from the description would seem to be not unlike those found by Sir R. Colt Home in some of our Wiltshire barrows, the long flakes or knives of obsidian, the style of ornamentation of the gold with impressed circles and spiral lines, are all in keeping with such a period. But though in general harmony with what might have been expected, there are, as already observed, also important and special features of novelty in the discovery.

The unprecedented abundance of the gold ornaments, the masks, the great diadems — which possibly may throw some light on the Scandinavian bronze ornaments which go by that name, and also on the Irish gold "minds" and the golden crosses in the form of laurel leaves — the silver sceptres with the crystal balls, the engraved gems, the vases, the great gold pin with the female figure crowned with flowers — possibly the Juno Antheia worshipped in the city of Argos — in fact the whole find will attract the attention of both classical and prehistoric antiquaries.

The pottery discovered appears also to be of peculiar fabric and material, and will no doubt contribute much to our knowledge of ancient fictile art. As all the originals will go to enrich the already important Museum of National Antiquities at Athens, it will be mainly from photographs and drawings that these wonderful objects will be known in this country. Let us in passing express a hope that the photographic and artistic representations of the Mycenæ treasure may be more satisfactory than those which constitute Dr. Schliemann's Hissarlik Album.

With regard to the antiquity to be assigned to these interments, it will be well to bear in mind that they lay at a considerable depth below the slabs first discovered by Dr. Schliemann, the ground beneath which he originally regarded as virgin and undisturbed; that above these

slabs lay a great thickness of *débris*, probably accumulated at a time when the city was inhabited, and yet that Mycenæ was destroyed by the Dorians of Argos, about B.C. 468, at a period so early in Greek history that no authenticated coins of the city are known. It seems to have been from the depth at which the interment lay that they escaped the researches of former excavators, including Lord Elgin, upon the site. The reputed tomb of Theseus, which was rifled by Cimon the Athenian the year after the destruction of Mycenæ, must have lain nearer the surface, but the bronze spear and sword which were found in it, and which were brought with the bones in triumph from Scyros to Athens, point to its having belonged to much the same period. The spear of Achilles in the temple of Minerva at Phaselis, and the sword of Memnon in the temple of Æsculapius at Miomedia, were also of bronze, of which metal, as Pausanias observes, all the weapons of the heroic age were made. Had Augustus but known of the buried treasures of Mycenæ when he was collecting the *arena heroum* for his museum at Caprea, the researches of Dr. Schliemann might have been in vain.

As it is, he is to be congratulated not only on the extent and importance of his discoveries, but also on his investigation having brought to light those horned Juno idols which he anticipated finding. His theory of some of the owl-like figures from Hissarlik bearing reference to the name of γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη has met with more ridicule than it deserved, and if the discovery of those horned figures of βοῶπις πόρνια Ἥρη should be substantiated, Dr. Schliemann will be fairly entitled to claim the victory over his adversaries. Under any circumstances both he and his no less enterprising helpmeet deserve the most cordial thanks of all scholars and antiquaries.

J. E.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
EARLDOMS.

LORD REDESDALE'S promotion may suggest some reflections on the composition of the order in the peerage to which he will henceforth belong. Though an earldom is the most ancient of English titles of nobility, the senior existing earldom of England not merged in a higher title dates only from the reign of Henry VI.; and Lord Shrewsbury has a precedence of forty-three years over Lord Derby, the

second earl on the roll of peers, whose ancestor was raised to the rank which his descendant now enjoys by Henry VII. The third earldom, Huntingdon, was created by Henry VIII.; the fourth, Pembroke, by the government of Edward VI.; the fifth, Devon, by Queen Mary; the next three — Suffolk, Denbigh, and Westmoreland — by James I.; the next four — Lindsey, Stamford, Winchelsea, and Chesterfield — by Charles I.; the next seven — Sandwich, Essex, Carlisle, Doncaster (the title by which the Duke of Buccleuch sits in the House), Shaftesbury, Berkeley, and Abingdon — by Charles II.; the next four — Scarborough, Albemarle, Coventry, and Jersey — by William III.; while the last surviving earldom in the peerage of England, not merged in a higher title, is that of Poulett, which dates from the reign of Queen Anne. The remaining earls in the House of Lords are, of course, either "of Great Britain" or "of the United Kingdom," or representative peers for Scotland or Ireland. Several dukes and marquises, however, hold earldoms of early creation. Thus, the Duke of Norfolk is Earl of Arundel, and premier earl, the Duke of Beaufort is Earl of Worcester (1514), and the Duke of Rutland is descended from Thomas Manners, thirteenth Lord De Ros, created Earl of Rutland in 1525. This peer, by the way, made a pun in dog Latin about his creation, observing to Sir Thomas More, lord chancellor, "*Honores mutant Mores.*" "Nay, by your leave, my lord," replied More, "the pun is better in English — 'Honors change manners.'"

The English earldoms now in existence, and dating back from the fifteenth century, appear to be but three in number, while those dating from the sixteenth century may be counted on one's fingers. Indeed, though the aristocracy of birth in this country is both ancient and illustrious, the titles borne by its members are nearly all of modern origin. The oldest barony, that of De Ros, dates from 1264, the 49th of Henry III., though the Irish barony of Kinsale was created by Henry II. in 1181. But hardly a score of baronies can boast an older origin than the reign of James I., the first of our princes who seems to have bestowed honors with a prodigal, not to say a reckless hand. Yet long before his time "the commonalty murmured that there were never so many gentlemen or so little gentleness." Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know that, in spite of pretty numerous creations in late years, the peerage at the present day probably bears a

smaller proportion to the number of the queen's subjects than in any former reign.

In William III.'s time the House of Lords counted little less than two hundred peers to a population of some five millions. It now counts about five hundred lords temporal to a population for England alone of about twenty-four million.

The earls are less than a third of the Upper House; and rarely indeed is the title attained by any one who has begun life as a commoner. Since the Revolution, however, three prime ministers have crowned their careers by the acceptance of earldoms. History, nevertheless, has obstinately refused to change Walpole's name into Orford, though the elder Pitt is frequently known as Chatham. Earldoms won by lawyers during the same period have been more numerous, as the titles borne by Lord Aylesford, Cowper, Macclesfield, Hardwicke, Mansfield, Eldon, and Cottenham bear witness. Lord Aylesford was himself the son of a chancellor and an earl (of Nottingham). Mansfield was a son of the Scottish Viscount Stormont. The rise of the first Earl of Hardwicke is perhaps the most extraordinary in our legal annals. Philip Yorke, the son of "a solicitor of respectability at Dover," was called to the bar in 1715 at the age of twenty-four, and in 1720 was made solicitor-general. Four years later he became attorney-general, and in 1753, before he had completed the forty-third year of his age, lord chief justice of England and a peer of the realm as Lord Hardwicke. A little more than three years placed him on the woolsack, where he sat comfortably for some nineteen years, being further raised during his tenure of office to an earldom. It must be remembered, too, that the office of chancellor meant a good deal more in those days than at present; both the power and patronage enjoyed by the keeper of the great seal were greater, while the authority of the first lord of the treasury was not so great.

Most of the counties in the two islands give titles to earls, marquises, or dukes, but there are a few still left for aspirants to these honors. Monmouth and Dorset are at present unoccupied; though if the Duke of Buccleuch should ever succeed in getting the attainder of his famous ancestor completely reversed he would become Duke of Monmouth in the peerage of England as the lineal descendant of Charles II.'s son by Mrs. Lucy Walters. Earl of Monmouth was the title borne by

Charles Lord Mordaunt, who was so created by William III. for his share in the Revolution, and who is better known by the title of Earl of Peterborough, in which he succeeded his uncle. Another county is awaiting a peer who shall have the courage to accept the style and designation of Earl of Flintshire. Oxford, again, is not likely now to be claimed by any descendant of the De Veres or even Harleys. York and Gloucester are held to be more or less titles for members of the royal family; though it should be added that every earl is conventionally of kin with the sovereign, and is officially addressed by her Majesty as "our right trusty and well-beloved cousin."

From Chambers' Journal.

CAPRICES OF THE NILE.

THE Nile, as is well known, annually overflows its banks, and deluges a considerable part of Lower Egypt, such overflows giving periodical fertility to the soil. These floodings, however, are by no means uniform in character. Sometimes the floodings are large, sometimes disappointingly small. Nor do they always take place at the same period in the year. Occasionally they are late and tardy in their rising and falling. When the river rises well, it is called "a good Nile;" when insufficient in volume, it is called "a bad Nile;" just as we speak of a good and a bad season.

These caprices in the rise of the Nile have appeared to be so mysterious that certain astronomers are inclined to trace some connection between them and the absence or return of solar spots. But on this theory there are differences of opinion. While one astronomer thinks that spots in the sun lead to a heavy rainfall, others just think the reverse. Obviously, the sun-spot theory is somewhat visionary. The rise of the Nile depends on meteorological conditions near the sources of the river in central Africa, of which we possess but imperfect information. A correspondent of the *Times* (October 31), who, writing from Alexandria, gives a variety of curious particulars regarding the Nile, comes to the conclusion that the solar-spot theory is untenable. He says, that "so far as can be seen in Egypt, there does not appear to be any periodicity of high Niles agreeing absolutely with the acknowledged periodicity

of sun-spots, and the cause or causes of *maximum* rainfalls must be sought for nearer home."

A bad Nile followed by the heat and desiccation of an early summer, such as occurred in 1869, is productive of that terrible result, a want of fresh water, either for domestic purposes, or for the lower animals. But that is not all. In consequence of the dryness of the ground in the region adjoining Alexandria, the salt water of the sea percolates inland and gives a saline quality to the Nile and waterworks for a distance of seven miles. The writer whom we have quoted, speaking of the drought of 1869, says: "At Rosetta the water was unfit for man or beast, the cattle died from it, and vegetation languished; people gave famine prices for a goat's skin of muddy stinking water from such ditches in the country as the sun had not evaporated. There were just the elements for a plague or epidemic. At every low-Nile period, the fresh water in Alexandria is bad, more or less; it was so this year; but after a very low Nile it is very bad, and may be the cause of an epidemic some day."

The Romans, by means of gigantic tanks, of which remains are visible near Alexandria, did much to assuage the evil effects of a low Nile; but in the present day, though Egypt is in various ways advancing in a knowledge of the useful arts, we cannot expect to see anything like a revival of the energy demonstrated in the occupancy by the Romans. The miserably backward condition in almost every country that had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Turks evokes the most painful emotions. The ingenious writer just referred to sees no prospect of the waters of the Nile being conserved by the present rulers of the country. "Had such a river," he says, "and such a delta existed in any state of western Europe or America, the thing would have been done long ago, if

not by the State, by private enterprise. Look at Holland. Look at Lincolnshire, where, by private enterprise, seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of salt marsh and swamps and fens, under exactly the same conditions as those marshes of the delta of Egypt (save wanting the rich Nile-mud to hasten and increase the value of the returns), have been reclaimed, and where an estate which sold for seven thousand pounds before the reclamation works were commenced, sold for fifty-seven thousand pounds after they were completed, and the value of everything was increased by a hundred per cent. The problem of the reclamation of the marshes of the delta of Egypt is precisely identical, so far as the means of doing it are concerned, to that of the English fens; the only difference, in fact, being that in Lincolnshire the object is to keep out the tides when they are up, and open the sluices when they are down, in order to let out any rain-water in case of heavy rains when there is too much of it; here you want a bank and sluices to keep out a sea which has scarcely any tides at all, and the sluices to let out into the sea the Nile-water after it has deposited all its mud into the marsh. To reclaim Lake Mareotis by a sea-bank and sluices about half the size of those used in Lincolnshire, and a small canal to let in the muddy Nile-water, or clean out and extend the present ones, and reclaim its two hundred thousand acres, is a very small and simple matter. The harbor-works at Alexandria will soon be finished, and the plant and staff would be at liberty for the sea-bank and sluices—a rare opportunity of doing it cheaply. With the experience of what has been done in the Lincolnshire fens, and canals in India paying 39·7 per cent., 36·6, and 22·72 per cent. of revenue on capital, no one need hesitate to discuss a thing promising such safe results."